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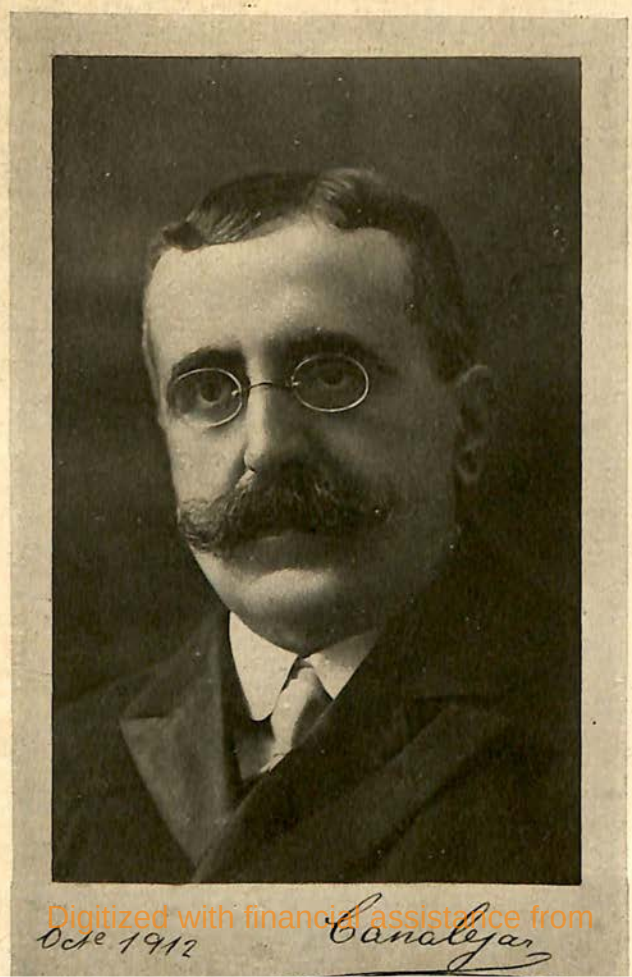

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SPANISH SKETCHES

BY

A. B. PIDDINGTON, K.C.

WITH THIRTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY
1916

PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

A MI MUJER

NOTE

THE following sketches first appeared in 1913 in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and are republished now by the courteous permission of that journal's proprietors. Their reprinting has been delayed by the war.

A. B. P.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA,
December 1915.

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CANALEJAS

[This chapter relates to an interview at Madrid on October 25, 1912, and was written in London on November 10. Canalejas was shot while walking in the Puerta del Sol, Madrid, on November 12, and died in a few moments. He was in his 59th year. The narrative has been left, as it was written, in the tense of the living.]

FOR many reasons Señor Don José Canalejas, the Premier (or *Presidente del Consejo*, to give him his exact title) of Spain, is one of the most interesting of European political leaders. He is the man whom observers from without regard as the only man able to remake Old Spain; he has already done much to establish a firm and ordered government; he is quite likely to have a revolution on his hands; and he has recently drawn the eyes of Europe upon him by breaking a great railway strike through one of those sudden *coups de main* which, whatever their ultimate effect, win admiration at the time by reason

of their ingenious application of little-used resources to meet the sudden needs of a country. In Spain the railways are owned by private companies, who pay very low wages and exact very long hours—the ordinary railway hand receiving only two or three pesetas (1*s.* 8*d.* or 2*s.* 6*d.*) for a day never less than ten and often twelve hours long. A railway strike almost universal in its extent was begun, and threatened to paralyse the country's internal and external business, including postal communication. Canalejas soon found a way to deal with it. He summoned, under the powers of the military law, all the railway employees who were reservists to attend for military duty at their ordinary posts of railway work; and being there they were ordered to do their usual tasks, and, as soldiers, they had to do anything they were told. Such a straining of the law would never be tolerated in a British community—there would be hosts of far from mute or inglorious Hampdens to raise the point that such a summons was not a bonâ fide

call to military service; but the Spanish strikers, without education, without strong leaders, and with the Spaniards' recent knowledge of the swiftness of military tribunals as evidenced in the shooting of Ferrer, did not care to risk it. There was no Winkelried amongst them to break the enemy's line by gathering a sheaf of spears into his own bosom, and the strike collapsed.

Conscious, no doubt, that such a device of law could not be practised again, and ought not to be necessary where services of the State, such as the carriage of mails, are in question, Canalejas has introduced a Bill to punish with imprisonment the men who lead in railway strikes. It was during the Cortes' debates on this measure that I saw Canalejas at his house in the busy Calle de las Huertas, the Street of the Orchards, a name about as descriptive now as is St. Martin-in-the-Fields or Emu Plains. The house is a splendid modern mansion formerly belonging to the Duchess of San Antonio, and connected, in street gossip, with one of those legends about

prominent men which are believed or disbelieved according to party predilections. It is said that Canalejas, when he practised as an advocate, was counsel for the duchess in a long law-suit and lost the case; and that as she did not pay his fees he insisted on her giving him this house. Canalejas has publicly denied this, with the usual consequences. His enemies say that a man who would do such a thing would think nothing of denying it; his friends claim the denial of a Spanish caballero as conclusive. And as no black crow is ever lonely for long, some other houses which Canalejas owns (or is said to own) are, according to the same gossip, similarly associated with lost causes—and impossible beliefs.

My own first visit took place at midday, when Canalejas habitually receives as many newspaper representatives as choose to come, or any friend they bring. We assembled first in the secretary's room, where about a score of men from Madrid and other capitals were waiting. A young Government official

was discussing with my sponsor, a famous German correspondent, his invention for recording in notation music as it is played, an invention which, strange to say, was stated a week later in a London paper to have been recently made by a Swiss electrician. Presently we were summoned to another room and trooped across the fine outer court-yard of the house (where with characteristic Spanish happy-go-lucky incongruity a horse was being clipped and shod), then up a dwarf flight of stairs, along a narrow passage, and into a spacious reception-room, handsomely furnished and adorned at one end with a glass wall-case full of dolls—'his colleagues', whispered a perky little reporter as he whisked out his note-book. At this moment Canalejas bustled in with the quick footstep so noticeable in the Madrileño, and indeed in all Spaniards of the north, shook hands with such of the reporters as came in his way, and having nodded and laughed himself through the throng, stood leaning lightly on a chair and dashed off rapidly and quite impromptu

his remarks on the Government's intentions as to the Strike Bill, his treatment by one of the Madrid papers over that matter, the purchase by the Government of Cervantes' house at Valladolid, and the expected compact with France—it was accomplished two days later—over Morocco. During the interview Canalejas answered at once and without apparent reservation such questions as the native or the acquired modesty of any reporter permitted him to ask, and finally beamed pleasantly at us all with the remark that he could think of nothing further to say. This was accepted as 'closing the incident'. Hearing from my friend that I had had some experience of the working of compulsory arbitration in Australia, Canalejas, observing that that country is *muy socialista*, invited me to meet him later, when he would be alone.

At my next visit the lack of ceremony as to admission struck me even more than before. True, there were two men in uniform at the conciergerie who knew me; but once past

them, I was apparently free to find or lose my way in any part of the great mansion. Disliking this unchartered freedom, I loudly addressed an invisible 'Señor' and a door opened, disclosing a coachman in shirt-sleeves and with a lathered face. He told me to 'go straight on'—the invariable formula used in all countries by people who know the way to those who do not, as if in unconscious imitation of many of the moral philosophers and ethical guides of humanity. Interpreting this direction freely but cautiously, I found myself at Canalejas' door, and was admitted by the Premier with that particular enthusiasm which is the essence of a Spanish greeting. It was certainly a great surprise that a man at the very time violently denounced by a great gathering of heady Socialists assembled at Madrid, and in a high degree unpopular with a class dangerous through its ignorance as well as through its miseries, should sit, as it were, with open doors and all the blinds pulled up. Probably, like Caesar, Canalejas thinks life not worth

living if so much care has to be taken to preserve it.

Taking both hands warmly and with a running comment of pleasure and welcome, Canalejas took me to a divan and sat down with a manner of cordial intimacy. He spoke admiringly of the great wealth and widespread prosperity of Australia, and then at once began to ask for information as to the working of compulsory arbitration there. He said he had tried in vain to get any literature on the subject (for he reads English), but he was familiar with the federal system, in which a single judge decides inter-State disputes in all industries, and the wages-board system of our individual States, in which the tribunal varies with varying trades or groups of trades. What he specially wanted to know was how far the system had succeeded in preventing or ending strikes, and what had been done with regard to imprisonment for striking. I told him that in very large industries and with bitter differences to excite them, working men could not always be brought to a standard

of law so advanced as that which forbids strikes; while in numberless instances, not heard of because they led to no sensation, strikes were avoided and arbitration resorted to as a matter of course. He heard with interest and approval what I had to say about the harmonizing effect of bringing the two sides together with an impartial chairman in private conference and letting them talk out their respective points of view; but I think the practical partisan was not far off when I described the prosecution of leaders in the great coal strike. 'That involved', said he, 'holding up the railways, a great interference with public services.' I pointed out that apart from a few isolated instances of light penalties, imprisonment was only imposed on this one occasion, and that was when the strike was launched with less warning than Italy's descent on Tripoli, and in an industry which was not only vital to our private businesses and public services, but which bulked largely in our overseas trading. Canalejas wholly approved of imprisonment

in a case of such a strike without notice, for his own proposal involves an 'embargo' of a month's notice, in the case of a railway strike. He does not, however, propose compulsory arbitration (which he had a day or two before denounced in the Cortes as 'hateful to liberty and to Liberals'—*abominación de la libertad y del Liberalismo*) but a voluntary tribunal, with representatives for each side, and a representative of the State, as being a third but neutral party. This last ingredient, logical as it is, the Socialists oppose out of utter, and, I am convinced, sincere, distrust of the neutrality of the Government. And on the main question, the taking away of the right to strike—*el derecho de huelga*—the Conservatives, led by Maura, are at one with the Socialists. There are evidently, then, troublous days ahead for Canalejas; but he is a brave, resourceful, and alert man. Meredith defined humour as 'strength and to spare', and I left Canalejas feeling that his not undignified bonhomie, his gaiety and seeming happiness, cover a very

strong and resolute nature, equal to its task and something more—*par negotiis atque supra.*

In personal appearance as well as in manner, Canalejas is the last man one would picture as quelling a revolt. He has nothing leonine, nothing sévere, nothing intense about him. A shade below middle height, he stands, sits, or walks, with a loose and easy fashion of carelessness, though his build, if somewhat slack, is solid and strong. His face is by no means 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'; on the contrary, his very dark complexion is richly warmed and humanized by a lively blood. His hair and heavy moustache are without a touch of grey in them, though he is over fifty. His eyes dark and bright, though not piercing, are full of kindness, and a sort of buoyant mirth. He has a high and narrow forehead, such as we associate with the notion of a Castilian hidalgo, whether from Velazquez or from the portraits or prints of Pizarro, and a broad mobile mouth, with a jaw where especially

you will see the outward signs of a strong pugnacious spirit. But (*pace* Lavater)

> . . . there is no art
> To read the mind's construction in the face ;

one can only say of Canalejas that his face bespeaks force, courage, and intellect, and these, with his pervading friendliness of nature, are no bad equipment for a statesman who has to remake modern Spain.

MADRID

The Congreso Building

AT THE CORTES

THE popular chamber in Spain is the Congreso, a body of 406 members or *diputados*, elected by the equal (and compulsory) suffrage of all men over 25, and making up with the Senado the Cortes. It meets in a spacious hall, shaped like a semicircular theatre, of which the presidential bench (*el sillón presidencial*) is the stage, but which has neither orchestra stalls nor boxes. All round the free floor-space run the members' seats, and above them galleries large enough for hundreds of spectators. On the right of the President, the front bench for ministers is the famous Banco Azul, so called because it is upholstered in rich blue cloth, bearing a golden crown in the centre, while the rest of the benches are crimson. The Banco Azul is fronted by a broad polished table running its whole length. There is no table of the House nor Bar.

The rich and stately effect of this fine chamber is enhanced by a bright carpet in

the centre, displaying the arms and motto of Charles V—two columns to represent the Pillars of Hercules, having the Globe between them, and the proud legend 'Plus Ultra'. Proud as is this motto, it was justly conceived in the epoch when two great victories of peace and war, the discovery of America and the Conquest of Granada, the last of the Moorish strongholds, had synchronized; when the national mind had been exalted by Pizarro's conquest of Peru, and the national wealth increased by those vast wagon-loads of gold and silver, which the skill of Toledo and Valencia was to transmute into the exquisite jewel-work still sometimes seen in Spain; and when the humblest Spaniard in the streets of any southern port might rub shoulders with the very men who had overrun Mexico and had stood, in fact, as Keats afterwards stood in the noble projection of a poet's imagination, beside 'stout Cortez',

> . . . when, with eagle eyes,
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

But seen now, in a nation moth-eaten like its own antique tapestries and chasubles and robes of state, which has lost by sheer decay all its old expansion beyond the limits of its birth, this motto 'Further Yet' seems at first only, in Burke's words, 'to remind us, what shadows we are, and what shadows we are pursuing'. Yet here, if anywhere, in the Parliament of the modern nation, to these words of aspiration might be given a range and a meaning more glorious than in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, if the high natural intelligence of the race could be turned to the prime necessity of education, and the amelioration of Spain's social conditions. And then, by the individual self-discipline and self-development which go with self-government, Spain might yet achieve a greatness more real than any she has yet known.

The galleries were filled, for the most part by working men, when the deputies strolled in. A dozen ushers (*porteros*) in swallow-tailed blue costumes, loaded with gold braid, hastily drew on their white gloves as the

President came in, accompanied by the vice-presidents and four secretaries. This official procession was preceded by a pair of amazing figures, perhaps best described as Beefeaters. These were the *maceros* or mace-bearers of the Chamber, and, except that they wore trousers and boots instead of knee-breeches and buckled shoes, their costume was very much like that of the traditional halberdiers. The *gorra*, or flat-topped head-dress such as still figures on the jack in a suit of cards, the capes, the doublets, the slashed sleeves in sumptuous velvet and silk, and the lace ruffles at the wrist, were all present; while a sort of apron, stretched with a comfortable rotundity under the open cloak, displayed, just where bodily well-being had reached for the time its maximum outward curve, the legend, proud of the present and not unhopeful of the future, 'Plus Ultra'. In Spain the great ambition is to obtain some Government post in which to live the life of a Canon (*vida de canónigos*), and so reach the felicity expressed in the proverb 'as fat as a Canon'—*gordo como un canónigo*.

The *maceros* stood solemn and silent at each side of the curtained alcove at the extreme rear of the stage, and in the unfailing punctuality with which they changed guard every half-hour, if in no other respect, they maintained the claims of order and settled practice in the Assembly. The President and secretaries (all in ordinary dress and without any robes of office) filed into their places at the long table in front of the stage or rostrum, a clerk sat below in a box like that of an associate, and throughout the session deputies strolled up between the *maceros* and the President, talking to him or his *confrères* as they wished. Very soon a *votación nominal* or vote without going into the lobby (which is never done) and without written *papeles*, which is the most solemn form of voting, was taken. The secretaries, aided by the clerk, wrote down the names of those present on what seemed from the gallery a vast balance-sheet. No vote by voices or show of hands preceded this tiresome process; apparently the lists of the result were drawn up according to the member's seat in the chamber or the

officers' knowledge of his party allegiance. The list was next read out, and each member rose at hearing his name and bowed silently, much as on motion day in the courts the presiding judge asks each barrister 'Do you move?' and the latter proves that he does not move by rising and bowing.

The *votación nominal* having concluded, the clerk announced the concurrence of the Senado (which has equal powers with the Congreso) in various bills, and then the debate on the *proyecto de ley* against railway strikes followed. During the first half-hour of flowery but quite unnoticed rhetoric from a graceful young Republican, conversation ran on freely, both on the benches and in the galleries. Spanish courtesy seemed to be proof against interrupting the speaker's evident, though solitary, enjoyment, but it would not forgo the right to talk about the things that really mattered. Long before the speech was over, an exchange of wireless messages between one of the *conservadores* and the clerk (who had meantime moved up on to the rostrum) led to the latter pro-

ducing from a drawer in the presidential table some packets of pastilles of *café y leche* wrapped in white paper, with the Government stamp in gold. By this time members were in all attitudes and in all parts of the chamber, and the gold-braided ushers moved busily amongst them, handing out this literal variety of the sweets of power. All was going smoothly, when the first speaker gave way to Señor Y——, a big and burly Republican, with a voice to vanquish the clamours of the bull-ring. He had strong views about regulation 506 and the *votación nominal* of the previous day. Pastilles were soon forgotten as members shouted support or defiance wherever they happened to be. In the midst of these *rumores* (the modern Spanish frequently harks back to pure Latin), the jangling of the President's bell (*campanillazo*) broke, but broke unheeded. At last his high thin voice was audible, and he began his ruling. After two or three quiet and judicial sentences, the slight but fiery count broke suddenly out into a willing onslaught on the speaking deputy, accusing

him of piling up *palabras y palabras y palabras*, and freely expressing his own view on the strike question. Señor Y—— replied with equal passion and a louder voice; the house took sides vocally; while the President rang his bell, pounded it on the table, almost sprang out of his seat, and finally in despair gave the right-hand secretary a vigorous and reproachful nudge, with an evident appeal to him to do something to assist. That officer sprang to his feet, and poured fresh reproof on the offender, while the clerk below rose up, pale but helpful, with his tiny missal of Standing Orders or *reglamentos del Congreso*. It was all useless; but at last a chain of members standing between the Banco Azul and the rostrum passed the word that Canalejas would speak. The President swung to his right, caught the Premier's *pido la palabra* —'I claim to speak'—and called him. At once the waves died down as the master of Spain arose. His fine oratory, notable even in a nation of orators, soon reduced the bull-voice to silence, and he then took the opportunity, whether by design or by a rare

impulse of impatience, to denounce the revolutionaries who were imperilling the monarchy and the whole social order. The effect was astonishing. The bull-voiced deputy glided out silent through silent members, and Canalejas' ascendancy was so manifest that one ceased to wonder that whenever he was half an hour late the political world began to talk of a crisis. All the more so because he was too straightforward ever to catch *el catarro de Sagasta*—the cold which used to keep Sagasta, a former Premier, away from the Cortes whenever a difficult situation arose.

But even though it succeeded, it was doubtful whether this challenge to the violent sections of the community was judicious. In travelling through Spain, I had found that, to a stranger from the Antipodes, people of all sorts talked freely enough about the doubtful permanence of the existing order. In Granada, for instance, a thoughtful man, who had given his hostages to fortune, predicted that a republic would come very soon, and that it would come as the result of dis-

content throughout all classes, and not only in the industrial world. This was, it is true, in southern Spain, where, it is said, most people are either Republicans or else Carlists adhering to Don Jaime; but for many reasons the country as a whole has in its soil the germs of revolution. While the rich Spaniard lives out of Spain, the mass of the people is in terrible poverty—a few minutes' walk from the heart of Madrid will show you the wretched and also dear odds and ends of foodstuffs the people have to eat. 'A poor widow,' wrote Carlyle of the days before 1789, 'is gathering nettles for her children's dinner. A perfumed seigneur, lounging in the Œil-de-Bœuf, hath an alchemy by which he can extract the third nettle, and call it rent.' The streets of every town are crowded with abject mendicants, appealing to 'charitable souls' (*almas caritativas*), and at every railway stop in Andalucia swarms of ill-clad women and children clamber up to the carriage windows, with the gipsy-whine of 'Señorito, señorito! un po' de comer (a little food)!', and hang on like flies till the train, so to speak, brushes

them off; there is a visible blight of penury even in the public offices of the country. Lastly, there is a widespread disbelief in the integrity of the officials, and even of the deputies. 'We have good laws enough,' said one Spaniard, voicing a common sentiment of Spanish writers, 'but they are never enforced.' For more than half a century education has been—according to the statute-book—compulsory, yet 63 per cent. of the nation can neither read nor write. With a population of 20,000,000, only 32,000,000 pesetas—the peseta is a shade less than the franc—was spent on education in 1911, about 1*s.* 3*d.* per person. Nine million pesetas, more than a quarter of the cost of education for the whole country, is the Civil List for the king and his family. But though uneducated, the Spanish proletariat is not, like the Russian, stupid and apathetic. In the country districts the untutored wit of the people is alert, ready, and seasoned with *refranes*, or proverbs and saws, such as those with which Sancho Panza still delights us. Educated Spaniards are proud of this 'grey grammar'

(*gramática parda*) of the common people; and the newspapers (which can be posted throughout Spain for a tiny stamp sold at forty for a penny) carry political information broadcast—any man who can read gathering his unlettered comrades about him, when at once there begins a keen discussion. Away in the north, Barcelona is a volcano always threatening and often breaking out, and every city and village in Spain has its political seismographs, which record each tremor of that fierce centre. In Madrid, a stone's throw from the Cortes, there is a stately corner house, the property of a clerical order, the street-door of which is armoured and opens outwards only, while the balcony shutters are of steel construction pierced with rifle-holes commanding three streets. All this was due to the experience of one eruption of Barcelona.

And thus, for all the gaiety, kindness, and innate hospitality of the Spanish, the secret fires of revolution find a sensitive area for their influence all over Spain. A population more truly naïve, warm-hearted, and lovable,

it would be hard to find—the Spaniards are by nature the happy children of the western family—a nation more undermined by desperate ignorance, bitter need, and burning discontent perhaps does not exist in Europe.

IMPRESSIONS OF VELAZQUEZ AT THE PRADO

I

THE visitor who, with the Australian's bent for scrutinizing the horse and his rider, sits in the Museo del Prado at Madrid and looks at Velazquez' famous equestrian portraits of Philip IV and his minister, the Count-Duke Olivares, becomes conscious of a difference amounting to contrast which at first is hard to define. Presently he realizes that this difference lies not in the way either man or horse is treated, but in the way each man sits his horse. The king—young, lithe, fresh-complexioned—rides like a man who finds his daily pleasure in the saddle; and, more striking still, Velazquez has chosen just the moment when the huntsman or the warrior in him has been stirred by the sight of a distant quarry not in the picture. His easy and confident seat at once becomes a little straighter, a little more vigilant, and

VELAZQUEZ
Portrait of Philip IV
(*painted about* 1627)

Anderson Photo]

VELAZQUEZ

Portrait of the Duque d'Olivares,
Minister of Philip IV
(*painted about* 1640)

Anderson Photo]

this added alertness is expressed, too, in a slight erectness of the head and a searching gaze in the eye. Olivares, on the other hand, bulky and overgrown, sits bunched up 'in, rather than on, his military saddle, like a sack of meal, and would apparently slip over his horse's tail but for the saddle's high afterpiece.

Velazquez, of course, intended no such contrast. That it exists is due not to an effort to make his patron look less a horseman than his king, but to his infallible eye for human character, as betrayed by every incident of pose and look and gait. Olivares sits, as Heine says Napoleon sat, 'carelessly, almost hanging from his horse' (nachlässig, fast von seinem Pferde abhangend), because, like Napoleon, he cared nothing for horsemanship. Long years spent, not in the saddle, but in the cushioned seat of Chief Councillor of State, have left him flabby and ungainly, just as the love of exercise and sport has given the king the ease and grace and level glance which Pater so admired in the procession of young Athenian knights

from the frieze of the Parthenon. True, Velazquez would paint nothing in these pictures from life, except the faces, and these at brief sittings (Pacheco, his father-in-law, records, as something remarkable, one sitting of three hours when the king 'actually laid aside his state for all that long time'). But when the painter came to complete his work as equestrian portraits he was not content merely to hoist his sitters on to the conventional rocking-horses of the court artist; to carry out the full presentment he made them live and look and ride as he had seen them.

It is for such a faculty that Velazquez deserves to be called the king of naturalistic painting. From the age of 25 till his death at 61 he was court painter, and therefore restricted chiefly to reproducing the royal family, the great personages of the court, and also the dwarfs, buffoons, and idiots, whom the strange taste of the times kept in every palace entourage. Yet, whatever portrait he was painting, Velazquez seems first to have presented his own mind as a mirror

VELAZQUEZ

El Primo

(*painted in* 1644)

Anderson Photo]

to the character as well as the figure and lineaments, or better perhaps to the character seen in the figure and lineaments, of his sitter. Compare, for example, the buffoon Pablillos with the dwarf El Primo. Pablillos is declaiming, he stands legs wide apart, right arm flung out, left arm clutching his robes. The face is vacant and stupid, the pose forced and awkward—a professional fool is imitating the gestures of an actor or orator, but cannot simulate his fire or his intelligence—one is sorry for the exhibition and the man who makes it. The dwarf, El Primo, on the other hand, is less than a man only in the length of his legs. Velazquez must have respected the self-respect of this grave-eyed earnest son of affliction. He paints him in a wild and hilly solitude, a fine *chambergo*—a wide, flat, voluminous head-dress—on his head; books, ink, and pen by his side, and on his knees a noble parchment volume, of which he turns the leaves thoughtfully as he looks up. Over the strong saddened features and splendid expanse of forehead broods a look of reserve almost forbidding; this man has learnt how

readily the scorn of the empty-headed is vented on physical defects, and his face carries a constant guard against such obloquy.

Both pictures are marvels of technical skill. Pablillos' swinging entrance on the stage and the flowered black on black of El Primo's costume would alone make them masterpieces, but it is the penetrative sympathy of Velazquez' genius for type and character which makes them more. Was it this power in Velazquez that made one artist describe his work as the 'theology of painting', and that made Reynolds exclaim that 'Velazquez does at once what we others spend a lifetime trying to do'? If so, Reynolds himself succeeded in such noble portraits as those of Johnson and Burke in the National Portrait Gallery, even if many of his court and fashionable people seem the quintessence of formalism compared to the living and breathing realities of Velazquez.

It is common to speak of the few sacred and mythological pictures painted by Velazquez as wanting in imaginative power or idealization. This is probably true in that,

except in one picture—'The Crucified'—Velazquez never pushed open the ivory gates between the world as we know it and the other world of poetry and of worship. Thus 'La Fragua de Vulcano', in which the Vulcan, an ordinary Spanish smith, naked to his apron, turns away from working with his mates at the forge to listen to Mercury's tale of his wife's infidelity, though depicting admirably the start of puzzle and incredulity in a common man made cuckold, is for this very reason a travesty of the passions that vexed Olympus. Not at the foot of Jove's throne should such a Vulcan, himself the maker of the Avenger's thunderbolts, lay bare the guilt of Venus and of Mars. This is more a matter for the blacksmith to bring before the divorce judge in proceedings by way of rule *nisi* against the guardsman. Granted, however, the lack of the divine or the heroic in the picture, Velazquez, who probably knew quite well that air and not aether was the natural breath of his own nostrils, has painted the scene as he thought it out with a splendid fidelity. His other

classical picture of Mars again, though only a magnificent young model in a helmet, with the heavy moustache of a cavalry colonel, is a piece of flesh-painting Rubens would have admired, for Velazquez was the only Spanish artist of whom Rubens spoke with any enthusiasm or with whom he would consort during his long stay at Madrid in 1628. The pose of this little-known picture suggests an imitation of Michael Angelo's 'Il Pensieroso', though Velazquez had not been to Florence when he painted it. If so, it is the only instance of any sort of imitation, or perhaps even of influence, in Velazquez' works. Critics assert that the teaching of Titian and of Tintoret is to be seen in the pictures painted after his first visit to Italy; others reject this, and say that Rubens alone, or El Greco alone, ever affected him. It might with greater force be argued that the twelve portraits of the Apostles painted by Rubens for the Duc de Lerma, and now hanging in the long corridor of the Prado, disclose in their unwonted sobriety of colour and their patient attempt at

characterization, the influence which is not unusually exerted by a sterner nature over a man of a genius more florid and diffuse. In point of fact, Velazquez seems to have borrowed little from any painter. Nor did he need. For his own work his own method was early perfected, and he would have spoilt the master-talent of all his talents—fidelity to visual impression—had he engaged in a futile pursuit of Renascence idealization or tried to impart to his work the coarse exuberance of Rubens's palette or the fine exuberance of Titian's.

IMPRESSIONS OF VELAZQUEZ AT THE PRADO

II

In the Velazquez Sala hang no less than forty pictures, and elsewhere in the gallery are another twenty, so that it has been the unique good fortune of Velazquez to have the greater number of his works, including the best, left where he painted them. Of those in the Sala two are without equal, and, indeed, without rival, of their kind amongst the world's masterpieces—'Las Meninas' as an interior, and 'La Rendición de Breda' or 'Las Lanzas' as an historical painting. Both are familiar in engravings and photographs, though for some reason—possibly the thinness of the paint, through which you can almost see the canvas at times—Velazquez' pictures seem to bear reproduction of any sort worse than any other painter's. This is most marked in the case of the picture known as 'The Topers' (Los Borrachos), where the

VELAZQUEZ

Las Meninas (The Maids of Honour)

(*painted in* 1656)

Anderson Photo]

laugh of the young peasant in the centre of the picture has, even in the best engravings and photographs, a touch of the cynical and saturnine, always disagreeable, but in a young face intolerable. In the original, by some subtle and untranslatable delicacy of line, either in the upper lip or in the eyebrows, the whole expression is that of a care-free and jolly *carcajada*, or explosion of mirth.

To paint 'Las Meninas', which is a very large picture, 10 ft. 4 in. high and 8 ft. 11 in. wide, and in which nine life-size figures are seen without the slightest effect of crowding, Velazquez is said to have stood as we see him, at his great easel, but with a mirror reflecting his studio in the royal palace. In the centre is the dainty, prim little figure of the four-year-old Infanta, Doña Margarita Maria. Baby as she is, she seems (at least in this scene, for in other pictures by Velazquez she is a delightful little blossom) too much the child of both her parents to be altogether pleasing. Her somewhat hard little mouth is a direct inheritance from her mother,

Mariana de Austria, the king's second wife, to be seen in a picture in the same room; while the stiffness and disdain of the half-averted head recall the story of her father's royal capacity to sit through a comedy or an audience of state without once moving a muscle. She is taking, without so much as a glance of thanks, a goblet of water from one of the *meninas* (maids-of-honour), while the other bends with a pretty deference to assist in the solemn function. So much, probably, Velazquez was commanded to paint. But his feeling for life led him to make out of the command-picture only the nucleus of interest in a broadly-painted scene, rich in incident and glowing with the radiance and intimacy of a royal home. On the left he stands himself, looking up from his easel to paint from the reflection in the mirror; on the right the foreground is taken up by a charming piece of by-play I shall presently describe. In the middle distance are faintly visible two members of the household, and on the wall at the back of the room hangs a mirror in which can be seen the long,

pointed face of the King, Philip IV, and by it his wife's. The royal pair helped to give the picture its former name, 'La Familia', but it is still a puzzle how Velazquez arranged to get their reflection in a painting itself reflected. Possibly the whole picture was painted naturally, the king and queen standing by Velazquez' side out of the picture, but opposite the wall-mirror, and the artist adding afterwards his own portrait, with the customary aid of a mirror in front of him, used for this purpose only.

One of the greatest marvels in this beautifully ordered and balanced composition is the effect of the open door at the back of the studio, which lets in a flood of sunlight—the golden beam at the foot of the door was done in one amazing brush-stroke—and shows behind it a dwarf stair leading to a further cabinet. This distant chamber gets a bright lighting of its own, in which is seen a man's figure (said to be the queen's quartermaster, Don José Nieto) in the act of raising a curtain and turning to look at the principal scene. Nothing ever done by Van Hoogh in the way

of prolonging the feast of light from a mellow interior onwards and outwards into a second picture (in higher tones) of a court or garden seen through some door, or passage, or archway, excels in its happy suggestion this exquisite interior, brighter because nearer to the sunshine of the world without. It is a long way from Van Hoogh, with his slow-footed, silent-seeming housewives at their homely tasks, to the animated moment in which the Princess of all the Asturias, the cynosure of many eyes, takes a glass of water with indispensable state and ritual; but the truth to nature of two great artists has bridged the gulf, not only in the similarity of the scheme of composition and of the effects of lighting, but in the resultant felicity with which the privacy, order, and peace of home are suggested to the spectator's mind. The ugly squat figure of the idiot dwarf, Barbola, who gazes vacantly at the twentieth century as she gazed vacantly at the seventeenth, is no blemish on the total effect, while Landseer himself never painted the nature—one might almost say the human nature—of

VELAZQUEZ

The Surrender of Breda

(*painted in* 1647)

Anderson Photo]

the dog better than Velazquez has done in the mastiff who lies in the right of the foreground. A male dwarf, Pertusato, this time a perfectly-made little mannikin, has put his foot with an impish air on the dog's hindquarters as he dozes. Lazily, sulkily, doubtfully, the dog turns without opening his eyes or even raising his drooping muzzle. You feel that he is thinking how much further he will submit to be disturbed, while the dwarf is thinking whether he dare disturb him any further. The drawing is so perfect that you can see through the silk stocking how the dwarf's delightful little leg is just held in poise, ready to squeeze harder or to pull back according to the tactical developments of the moment in this battle of wits.

'The Surrender of Breda,' often called 'Las Lanzas', shows the same sympathy in the conception of a scene on its human side, when Velazquez came to imagine this hard-won and belated triumph of Spain's war with the Netherlands. Justin of Nassau has brought out the city's massive key, and his staff and burghers stand in dejected attitudes

to see it handed over. But by a most happy stroke of invention, Velazquez represents the victorious Spinola as not even looking at the key in the ardent haste of a generous conqueror to embrace and console the beaten foe. Spinola stretches out his right arm eagerly to take Justin by the shoulder—a gesture common in Spain between relations or friends when meeting—and his face (to which a singular refinement is given by the delicate moulding of the brow and temples) is aglow with a kindness and a sympathy which outshine its intellectual power and keenness. One recalls Roberts to Cronje at Paardeberg: 'You have made a brave defence, sir.' The incident is absent from the formal court reproduction of the actual scene by one José Leonardo, hanging in another room; to have invented it was a fine compliment to Spinola, the friend and once the travelling-companion of Velazquez, but it was a finer compliment still to the character of his countrymen.

Volumes might be—and have been—written

upon Velazquez' power of painting light and air in great, free spaces, where his figures live, and move, and have their being, delivered from any appearance of artifice or imitation, real men in a real atmosphere on a real earth. Philip IV is said once to have entered Velazquez' studio towards twilight, and to have said to the portrait (now in the National Gallery of London) of Admiral Pareja, whom he had ordered to sea, 'What, still here?' It does not need such stories, always current since the birds pecked at the grapes of Zeuxis, to make good Velazquez' fame as a realist. But as well as realism on the plastic side Velazquez has a perfection as a colourist, which is implicitly denied to him by those who label him as a painter with a 'pervading silver-grey' or a 'subtle blue-grey undertone'. A great English etcher—perhaps the greatest living English etcher—whom I met at Madrid, was indignant at this generalization. Velazquez, in fact, has no mannerism, or even any dominating tendency in his use of colour. There are silver-greys in the splendid sagacious

old head of the Aesop, just as there are in the beflounced and crinolined dress of the Infanta in 'Las Meninas', and again in the portrait (so called) of Maria Theresa; but that is because the objects Velazquez was painting were silver-grey, not because he washed his canvas, so to speak, with that pre-ordained colouring. His tones are as various as those he had before him—the soft rich yellow jerkin on the young Dutchman's back in 'Las Lanzas' has nothing in common with the dead lustreless yellow in 'The Crucifixion'—and his values melt into one another, not into a common bath. There have been artists who, whatever the colours they set out on the palette, yet had a habit of reducing them all to one common denominator. Rembrandt did this with but a few tones, out of an idolater's love for chiaroscuro. Whistler too, though not for ever wedded to one set of colours, deliberately painted and named his pictures according to one prevailing note, 'A Symphony in White,' 'A Nocturne in Blue and Gold,' &c. Again, Giorgione, with

his glowing reds, is never the slave of the same lamp as Carlo Dolci, with that incessant trick of getting transparency of skin by a plentiful infusion of blue. But Velazquez, who now and then might be thought to have used Dolci's artifice, had no fixed preference for any one overmastering tint; he painted all complexions, all fabrics, and all surfaces with the colours and values that belonged to them. No painter has less subjectivity or predisposition in the use of pigments; his only pervading characteristic is that, while he used all colours, he used them with the restraint and severity which are as much the expression of mastery as is variety or fearlessness.

And if, after all, half the interest of pictures is in their revelation of the man behind them, one cannot leave the Prado without feeling, more than before, that with all Velazquez' uncompromising seriousness in painting just what he saw, be it the cunning eye and pursy dewlap of Olivares, the petulant mouth of the queen, or the melancholy, irregular

beauty of the widow Ipeñarrieta, yet the painter whose stern, proud features look out at us over the heads of 'Las Meninas' had a soul sensitive to the lightest stroke of beauty, and a nature that saw and enjoyed all that was genial and human in the life around him.

TOLEDO

The Puente de Alcántara, over the Tagus, by which the City is entered

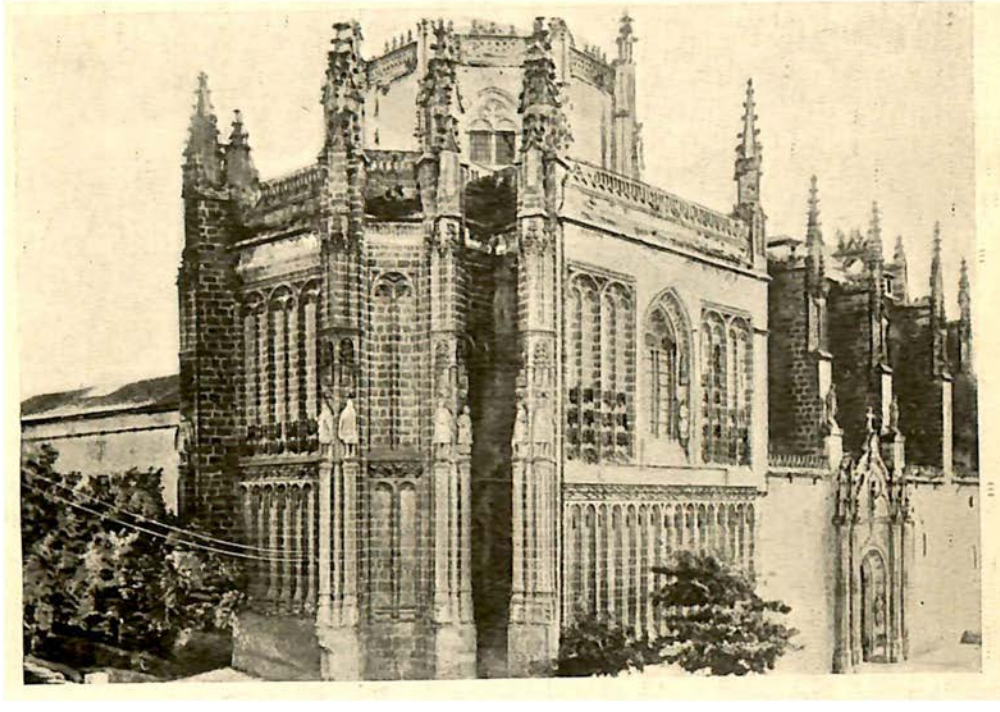
'The present structure dates mainly from the time of Alfonso the Learned (1258) and Archbishop Pedro Tenorio (1380).'—*Baedeker*

TOLEDO

GREY and dead on its grey dead rock, Toledo lifts its sudden height out of the horseshoe bend of the Tagus, looking from a distance like some volcanic plateau in which the rocks, the scoriae, the lava-blocks, have by a freak of nature taken on the semblance of architectural shapes. And when the traveller has mounted the long drive in a shaky old 'luxury carriage' (*coche de lujo*) drawn by three mules abreast—has crossed the Alcantara Bridge, with the ancient Arab mills far below, and wound round the ramparts up and up to *la población*, as they call the city here, he feels all through the town the same impression of a region struck with sterility, a Pompeii though without the actual ruin and vacant gaze of the roofless houses, and where life still goes on, but goes on as it did centuries ago.

A tablet in the cathedral, commemorative of surely the most foolish of all military

glories, gives, in part, the key to the desolation which blights this city of splendid private houses, of famous churches, and of noble monuments of oriental greatness. That tablet records that in the year 1492, on January 2, Granada was entirely conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic kings (los Reyes Católicos, a title blazoned everywhere in Spain), and it goes on to add that in November of the same year the Jews were all flung, *todos echados*, out of Seville, Castile, and Aragon, and the other parts of Spain. The tablet is silent as to the discovery of America in the same year, and is thus from both points of view a standing monument of the stupidity of those ideals of human greatness which are founded on success in the destruction of human life. For the population of Toledo, which even some little time after the expulsion of the Jews stood at 200,000, has now fallen to 20,000. Before this exploit of the Catholic kings Toledo was the Frankfort of mediaeval Europe, the richest centre of the Jewish faith, and the home of great learning and science. The



TOLEDO

San Juan de los Reyes

Begun in 1476 by the 'Catholic Kings'

house of El Greco, now one of the sights of Toledo, was originally the home of the famous Rabbi Ben Ezra, a man who might have stood beside Lessing's Nathan der Weise for character, and who, besides, carried all the learning of the time. Certainly it has been the ruin of Toledo to have chased into more tolerant countries the most industrious artificers—the Moors—and the most capable merchants—the Jews—to be found within its walls.

In wandering through Toledo you never lose for long the recollection that you are walking over the battlefield of opposing faiths. Outside the church of San Juan de los Reyes there still hang, rusting but slowly in the dry upland air of central Spain, scores upon scores of the very chains in which the Moors in their day of domination hanged the Christians at this spot, or imprisoned them in dungeons elsewhere. To balance this spectacle you may see just behind the cathedral an inn, called the Posada de la Hermandad—the Inn of the Brotherhood. This is the old house of the Holy Inquisition, and over the Gothic

gateway are the arms of the Catholic kings and quaint wooden figures of an archer and an alguacil.

The door of this building (which smacks more of brotherhood now than it ever did when it was named) is like many portals in Toledo, a lofty and solid structure, studded all over with great metal bosses, and having two large knockers, one at the height of a rider's hand, and one for people on foot. The fastenings are many and strong, and above is a spy-window, so that, short of artillery fire, or treachery, there was little chance of visitors entering without welcome. Inside the great door a wide built-in courtyard, with casks and two-eared pipkins of wine, prettily decorated now with a little shelf of flower-pots, leads by a narrow passage into the main room of the inn. In one corner of this the landlady was cooking a dinner, fragrant enough to melt the judgement of Esau, at a fireplace obviously built after the room; a few wicker chairs and wooden tables stood about; on the walls were saddle-pegs covered with gear, and along one side

ran a broad bench, opposite the centre of which can still be seen one big flagstone. A splendid panelled ceiling, black with age, is the only thing of dignity left in what was the dread tribunal of olden times. The accused stood on the central flagstone, which was lifted if he was found guilty, to lower him into the dungeons below. Returning to the entrance-court in order to see these dungeons, I was led through a labyrinth of narrow twisting passages, with doorways every few feet at some turning—for no risks of escape were taken in those days—down a cobble-stone slope, flanked on one side by a fowl-roost, every prisoner in which looked dejected as if with the presage of a coming fire, into a sort of small *patio*, well lighted from above. Round three sides of this tiny courtyard were the dungeons, walls and arches three feet thick in solid masonry, and in one of them two chambers for immuring alive the worst offenders. These chambers are simply niches, such as those used for the figures of saints, man-high, and needing only to be bricked up in front to settle the fate of the heretic—

if not that of his heresy. The whole place is used now as donkey-stables to the inn."

The vicissitudes of creed through which Toledo has lived are naturally reflected in the remains of public monuments here. True there is no mosque (except the small Cristo de la Luz) at Toledo; for the Moors, when they took the town, found a Christian church on the site of the present cathedral and converted that into their chief mosque. But the Christian churches contain portions of Moorish edifices which are often considerable, as in the case of the noble tower of San Tomé; and the opulence and piety of the Jews have left their traces in the Sinagoga del Tránsito and in the converted synagogue now known as the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca. Both these places of Hebrew worship seem to have been built on the outskirts almost of the then city. The synagogue was built at the expense of Samuel Levy (Abu-leifa), treasurer to Peter the Cruel. Though said to have been consecrated as a church in honour of the death (*tránsito*) of the Virgin, it has neither aisles nor altar, chapels nor nave, but

is simply a great hall, austere almost to the point of barrenness, if it were not for the rich arabesques graven on its walls, which carry Hebrew texts from the Psalms of David. Few buildings suggest so impressively as this the house of prayer, and one is thankful that the perverted taste of the Renaissance for florid decoration was never set to work on this masterpiece of simplicity and reverent dignity. It is a common and just complaint that the great Gothic cathedrals of Spain have been robbed in Renaissance times of all, or almost all, the noble effects of their designers by building across the nave a gaudy choir or *trascoro*. Fortunately in the other synagogue (i.e. *Santa Maria la Blanca*), which has served in its turn as an asylum for Magdalenes, a barrack, and a storehouse, and even (as an inscription records) as a market for 'enseres' or chattels, the original design was never broken in upon by a mad desire to enrich and glorify. Its fine aisles and massive Moorish arches, on rich columns, still give what they were meant to give, a feeling every worshipper must have had

whenever he knelt upon his praying-mat, that a forest of tree-trunks and overshadowing foliage surrounded him and his orisons with the very breath and majesty of nature itself.

In the cathedral, on the other hand, for all its renown as 'la rica', the unity of plan has been spoilt by planting across a nave that would have been as magnificent as that of Cologne a great intrusive break-of-view in the shape of a *trascoro* and choir adorned with exterior altars, elaborate carvings, stately choir-seats, and finally the high altar and the *retablo* filled with statuary and with multiplied adornments in the wrong place. It must strike any spectator that in accepting gifts of pictures or of images for its great churches the Catholic Church has been all too catholic. It seems to have been enough that a pious donor was willing to give even the worst of pictures or statues or the tawdriest of votive offerings, for the gift to be accepted. And yet the cathedral, as it is, overtops, after all, the best of Moorish or of Hebrew work, and it does this by the deeper thoughtfulness of its true original plan, and still more by those

indescribable glories of colour used to fill up and at the same time define exquisite outlines, which early Christian builders had at their command in the traceried windows of glass, stained as no modern glass can be stained. In Toledo the nave is flanked on either side by two aisles running up to a double ambulatory at the high-altar end of the church, and the architect has so placed the windows that those of the exterior aisle are visible for their full length below the arches of the interior aisle, and the windows of this latter again are seen clear of the arches of the nave, as if, indeed, it had been deliberately done to give an instance of

> . . . storied windows richly dight
> Casting a dim religious light.

But it is here, and here only, that Christian influence has triumphed. The manner of life and the living-houses of Toledo are all pure Oriental. Cervantes' house, now the Posada de la Sangre, like many others, has a large courtyard surrounded by a balcony, exactly like those *patios* of southern Spain which have

proved one of the most exquisite gifts of the Moorish mind to the invaded country. You see all kinds of trades carried on in low-arched hutches on the street front just as at Cairo. At midday the population lie down in their blankets in the Zocodover or market-place, warmed by a kindlier fire than that which was often lighted here for an *auto de fé*; the men draw their capes up over the mouth just as the conquered Moors are shown in a contemporary picture of their gregarious baptism after Granada's fall, and just as Italian soldiers in Tripoli could see the Bedouin guarding himself against sudden dust whirls; the women wear black shawls coming over the forehead, and covering the mouth in a way that recalls the yashmak of the Mohammedan; the girls go pitcher on head or at hip to the fountain just as the maiden Rebecca may have done when she lifted her eyes upon the young travel-stained Jacob. A city quite untouched by modern notions (except that, as generally in Spain, the electric light has succeeded lamplight without any interregnum of gas), with no footpaths or

kerbs, no building-line for its houses, no alignment for its tortuous and innumerable streets, and not even a horse-tram, Toledo, whose slender traffic is done by porters or primitive mule-drawn carts, and even by shod bulls and bullocks, gives the visitor first and last an indelible and a unique impression that he has lived for a while in the time as well as in the place of creeds and customs and people centuries in the wake of modern thought and modern activity.

CORDOVA

I

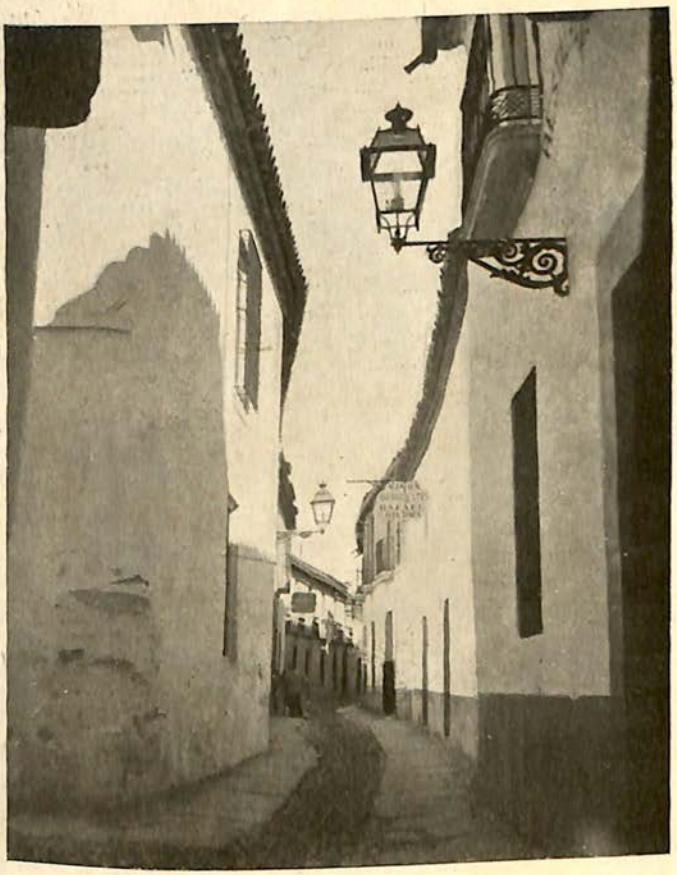
'CÓRDOBA MUERTA', says the Spaniard, and says it, not with the contempt with which the Italian talks of 'Pisa morta' but with the tone of regret for vanished glory which haunts the verse of some of the modern poets of Spain—a regret which has only of late years been displaced by the manlier music, calling in harmony though not in unison for a national resurgence, which is heard in the speeches of Spain's orators of every party, in the songs of her theatres and in the writings of her public men.

In truth, by no other comparison than by that with Death itself could the impression be conveyed which this ancient capital produces by its melancholy, its silence, and its whiteness, and the ever-present sense that here a myriad human activities have been stilled and frozen as if touched by the very wing of Azrael, the Angel of Death. The streets, as

CORDOVA

'Cordoba Muerta'

From a Photograph kindly lent by G. D. Delprat, Esq., Broken Hill, N.S.W.



narrow in many places as a cart-track just formed in our own virgin bush, give back but rarely any echo from their grass-grown cobble stones, which look as if they did but barely hold their own against Nature's incessant effort to retrieve what man has won from her. It is a city where it would always be *siesta*, but for an occasional peasant moving slowly by his donkey's side, or a shovel-hatted priest in flowing soutane who paces on, his mouth covered with the end of his *capa* as if to protect him from the pestilence, the pictured embodiment of the leisurely dignity proper to a shepherd unencumbered by the care of many sheep. And yet for generations of the Arab dominion in Andalucia, the name of 'Córdoba!' was like a trumpet at the lips of warlike Moors and in the ears of coveting Christians. Its rulers aimed at greatness in business as well as in religion, anticipating thus, in the days of high romance, the combining genius which was so often fêted in Exeter Hall, and which prompted Holy Willie's petition

> That I for *grace and gear* may shine
> Abune them a'

Here was the great but now decayed craft of the filigree workers, as well as a famous industry in morocco leather and the kindred trade in the stamped and gilded leather known as Cordovan, to supply material for which there must have been hecatombs of goats in the hills of the neighbouring *campiña*, just as there are now in India for export to our industries at Botany. It was probably this Cordovan leather that Whistler smothered in the gorgeous blue and gold of the Peacock Room against the paltry and ignorant predilections of the owner, according to Menpes's amusing story. Next perhaps to Toledo, Cordova was for centuries the richest centre of Spain's glory. And when the Christians came, it sent forth the Gran Capitán, Gonzalo Hernandez; and later again, over its bridge rode forth the fanatic knot of regenerating cavaliers who are said to have suggested Don Quixote's adventures. But before this, in this same mosque at Cordova, which was a western Mecca to millions of Mohammedans, must have worshipped that learned Arab, Averroës, whom Dante honours with a place

in the Limbo of the good not-Christians as having made the great commentary (*che il gran comento feo*) on Aristotle 'the master of those who know'. And this tribute to the intellectual greatness of Averroës may well remind the Australian wandering in this land of golden memories, that it was from a Moorish or at least an Arabian source that Dante, himself a master of the science of his day, came to hear of the Southern Cross, becoming so fired by the thought of such a miracle in the heavens, that he feigns to have seen it at the beginning of his journey on the Hill of Purgatory. And as ours is the one country which can say that a part of its national flag was celebrated 600 years ago by Dante, I may be pardoned for quoting the passage—

Io mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor che alla prima gente.
Goder pareva il ciel di lor fiammelle.
O settentrional vedovo sito,
Poichè privato sei di mirar quelle!

Purg. i. 22–27.

Then turned I to the right and gazed awhile,
Where in the other pole four stars appear
Known to our race before the great exile.
Their cresset seemed the very heavens to cheer.
O widowed region of the Northern sky
That may'st not look upon that glorious sphere!
(BADHAM.)

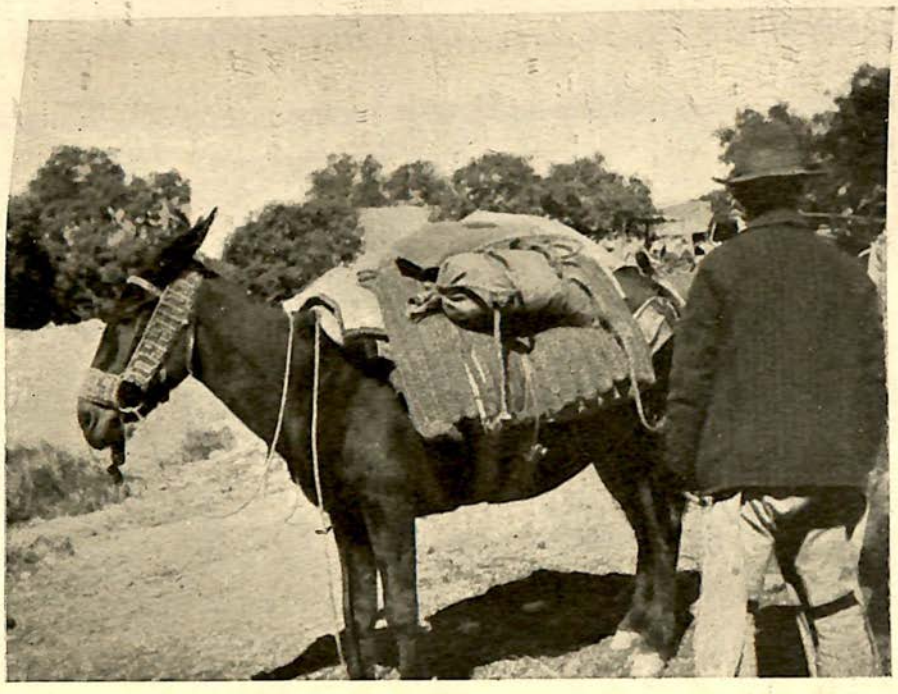
But to return to the '*settentrional vedovo sito*'. There is in Cordova one spot where life, vigour, and movement are still to be found, and that is in the morning market. Here, as in the markets of all the older European towns, you see the local and characteristic life of the people not yet planed down and sandpapered to a uniform type such as the dress, the wares, the doings, and the manners tend to attain in the commercial parts of all capitals. In the morning the peasant, munching his mouthful of bread and raw onion, brings in his mule, loaded with produce from what was once a very rich *campiña* outside the city, but has now fallen into poverty with the neglect of the old irrigation (another science in which the Moors everywhere excelled); and by seven o'clock the market-place is packed so densely with laughing, quarrelling, cheating, and bar-

(69)

CORDOVA

In the Campiña

From a Photograph kindly lent by G. D. Delprat, Esq., Broken Hill, N.S.W.



gaining men and women that you can hardly see the merchandise for the merchants. When you do see what is for sale, a market in southern Spain eclipses in brightness and in the suggestion of richness and diversity the more business-like Halles of Paris or of Brussels. The exotic colouring of semi-tropical fruits and vegetables contributes to this, and so too does the fact that both small stock and poultry are more often sold alive than as meat, while quaint cheeses, bright fishes, and glossy giant chillies (as we call them) startle the eye, and sausages, rivalling those of the Fatherland in variety and equal to a Dutch picture by Snyders for gorgeous colouring, appeal to the picturesque in the stranger and to the practical in a race defiant of the virulence of ptomaine. Of all these edibles the best is also the least pretentious, viz. the Spanish fig, green when ripe, and so small that it might easily be passed over in contempt. It is in fact a very sweet and luscious variety, with a flesh so red that it is called in the happy homespun of the vernacular *el higo de sang' de rocín*, the fig of hack's blood. Bearing in mind that both

c and *z* are in Spanish pronounced *th*, the reader will recognize the last word of this epithet in the name, 'famous and altisonant' (to use the old translator's phrase), of Don Quixote's battle-charger 'Rozinante', which is indeed but a baptismal euphemism invented after days of cogitation by the hero, in order to lift into the dialect and anticipated annals of chivalry a horse who had been 'a hack formerly' (*Rocin-antes*). But above all, in its suggestion of the Orient, is the redolent atmosphere of peppers and spices that feelingly persuades the visitor how southern Spain still treasures what was brought to it from Arabia—the fabled land of fragrance and sweet savours. And, thus prompted, you understand, too, why the Spaniards (as indeed all the southern races of Europe) are such good cooks. England has been said to have a hundred religions and only one sauce; in Spain there may be only one religion, but there are certainly quite a hundred condiments. So wedded are these people to strong flavours that there may, after all, be something in the theory of these modern historians of the economic fur, who, believing

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Scenes in the City

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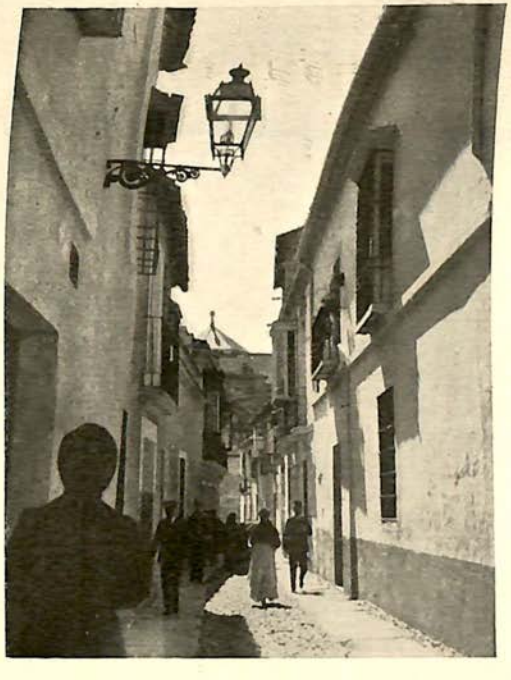

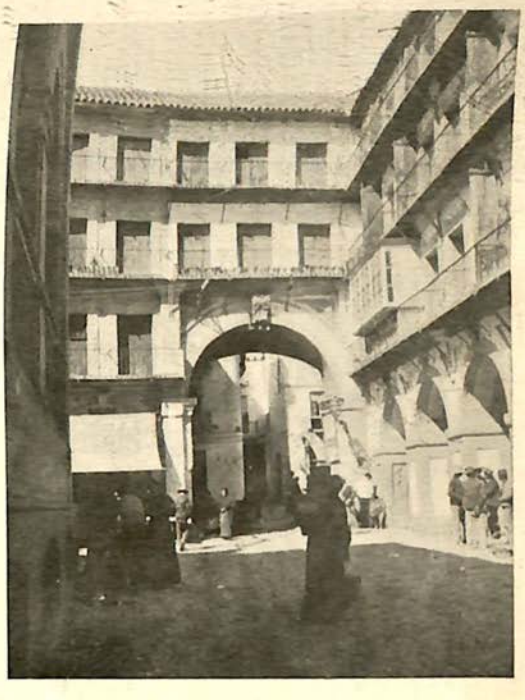

that mankind, like an army, marches on its stomach, tell us that the desire to restore the supply of spices, unguents, and essences, which had been cut off when the Turks blocked the way from India, was the motive which first of all led men to speculate on the western route to that blessed and productive clime. Another point of interest in this market is that here, as elsewhere in Europe, the absurdity still prevails of the local *octroi*, and officials of the Customs see sharply to it that no peasant woman sells a basket of eggs, a sucking-pig, or a string of garlic before it has paid its good round *ad valorem*. The seller on her side, like a rustic Hampden in petticoats, fights valiantly against the tyranny of the tax-gatherer. The result is that the market is recognized as a sort of stadium, where those who are fond of seeing other people fight attend and support their fancy vocally, or silently enjoy the punishment of both champions; or in a more sober simile, the crowded onlookers are like the audience in a court (but a court where no usher cries 'silence') following the turns and twists of

a *cause célèbre*. It is, however, a very partisan public which looks on at an appeal case about the valuation for taxation purposes of a pig, brought before the Jefe de Consumos or Chief Octroi Officer, in which the argument, well sustained on both sides, becomes at length vociferous, the pig also having intervened at the hearing, though not in strictness an interested party, at any rate at that stage.

Leaving the Mercado, it is but a short walk to the famous mosque (La Mezquita), as everyone still calls it, though the Church authorities have baptized it as the Cathedral of Santa Maria de la Sede, this being the title they always gave to a captured and converted mosque as being henceforth a *seat* of the Faith. On the way, line after line is passed of low quiet houses all fresh from the white-washer's brush, the *brocha del blanqueador*, which is never at rest in Andalucia, and which has covered up so much in decoration, and even blinded by its sterile monotony so much in design, of the older buildings. It is another point in which the Moorish practice persists in the life of the common people even against

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(*a*) A Plaza

(*b*) Moorish Bridge over the Guadalquivir, showing the Cathedral and old Walls

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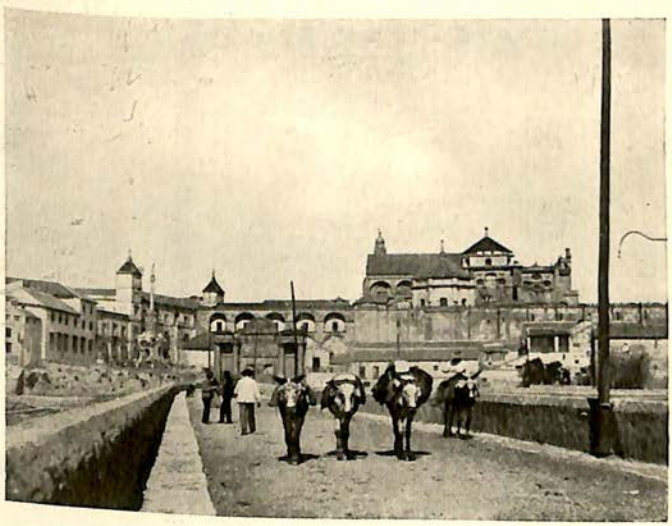

their own racial promptings (for the Spaniards are a nation of colourists), and the contrast is sharp between the universal dead white of Andalucian buildings and the brilliant exuberance of house-colouring which is seen, for example, in Naples, and which is visibly the offspring of the very pigments used before Vesuvius blotted out Pompeii.

In the old days the population must have been densely crowded in these great cities. It would take, for example, only twenty minutes to walk all round Toledo, a city once containing 200,000 inhabitants, all of whom lived within the walls, and for the best of reasons —because away from the walls there was more certainty about death than uncertainty about life. It is not, therefore, a tiresome stretch from the market to the mosque through what is a cemetery almost as much as a city; but the view is hemmed in so that not even the *campanario* of the mosque is seen till you reach the crenellated walls, studded with watch-towers which now seclude, as they once protected, the House of Allah. The entry to the mosque is by the Door of Pardon (Puerta

del Perdón) in the western wall, and on the kerb, opposite to this door, is a string of half a dozen stunted columns, said to be milestones taken from the Roman roads. All the pavement-space between this line of posts and the door was, in Christian times, 'sanctuary' into which any criminal could come, if swift enough, to be sure of immunity from the civil arm. The Puerta del Perdón served, therefore, just the purpose of the old sanctuary crosses still to be seen in some English towns, the touching of which gave safety to the hunted murderer or thief. Strange that, when our Australian youngsters reach 'home' in the game of 'tibbie, tibbie, touchwood', they keep alive the memory of the practice which gave its name to this Puerta del Perdón!

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

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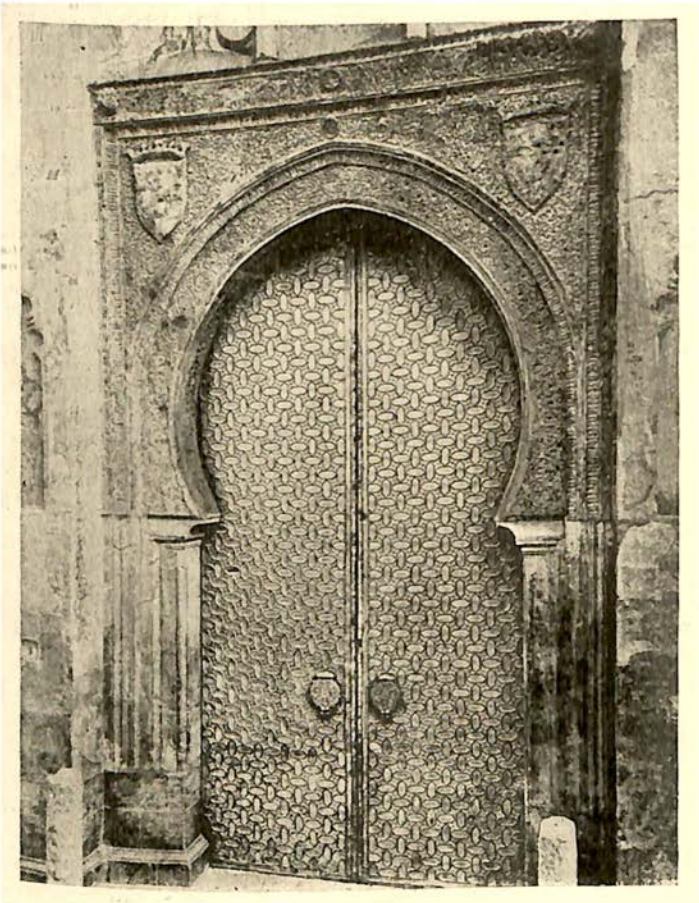
Puerta del Perdón



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II. THE MOSQUE

THE Puerta del Perdón, through which the mosque is reached, is a noble door of Moorish design and plated with copper, now grey-green with age, on which is to be found the inscription, in Cufic characters, 'The lordship belongs to Allah and his protection.' For the characters and their translation, I take the word of Baedeker, but that they are here at all in a door built by a Christian emperor is not a new thing, for Moorish workmen, before the final expulsion of their race, took pleasure in the pious trick of making the Christian pay for Mohammedan inscriptions, which they passed off, no doubt, as so much mere flowing decoration. The *Puerta* leads first to the spacious Orange Court or Patio de los Naranjos —a vast and desert courtyard, whose trees, now old and scraggy, and whose famous fountain, Al-Mida, now dingy and grey, carry forward into the desolate enclosure a melan-

choly iteration of the threnody of sadness and decay in the city without.

All the more sudden is the shock of wonder when, having crossed the Patio and entered the wall of the mosque, through the Puerta de las Palmas, the visitor wakes, as it were, out of the modern and real world to gaze with a start of delight that no heart could be too young or too old to feel, upon a wide and silent fairyland of antique beauty, mystery, and devotion. True, the design of this interior is almost childlike in the simplicity of its invention, the architectural plan having been to cover a vast area, almost equal to the floor-space of St. Peter's in Rome, with low parallel aisles of pillars surmounted by arches. Any child with a set of wooden blocks could have thought out such a scheme, or perhaps built it without thought by merely marshalling one arch behind another and flanking the colonnade thus formed by others parallel to it. But beauty in architecture is often what Horace found woman's beauty to be, 'simplex munditiis,' and the builders for the Abd-er-rahmans and other caliphs were of

those who builded better than they knew, for this seemingly simple-minded notion of planting some eighteen thousand square yards of land with rows of overarching trees in masonry has produced, as a result, not monotony, but an infinite variety of vistas according to the spectator's point of view and the direction of his gaze.

The huge oblong is traversed by nineteen aisles or colonnades in its length from east to west, and as the arches over these aisles are placed at equal distances, there are resultant aisles from east to west, fourteen in number. It may seem difficult to believe how such a composition can give anything but repetition of the same view up and down each aisle, and of course this would be the case if the eye could be confined to looking merely from one end of an aisle to another. The secret of the infinite variety in this Cleopatra amongst buildings is that, as well as the straight up-and-down gaze (such as is to be had in the nave, for example, of a Gothic church) the vision of the spectator in this mosque takes in a fan-shaped area to right and to left of the

aisle down which he is looking, and this area is full of colonnades seen slantwise. A well-planned orchard or nursery gives just the same experience. And as in such an orchard you see broad ways diagonally on either hand, as well as straight in front of you, so here from any point at the end of a colonnade, the arches right and left of the direct line of forward observation, fall into radiating lines seen at different angles to that direct line. Fill an oblong paper with nineteen equidistant dots in its length and fourteen in its breadth, and it will be seen that, from any spot on one side between two of such points, you can draw to the adjacent sides a whole series of lines running clear or nearly clear between the dots which cover the page. Further, the outside lines which bound this radiating series will be exactly equal if the spot from which all spring is in the centre of the line. But if that spot is near the end of the line, the outside rays of the fan will be very unequal, both in length and in the angles they make with a line drawn straight from the spot that is chosen to the opposite side.

CORDOVA

Aisles in the Mosque (1)

(70)

Translated into the language of the actual impression produced on a spectator in the mosque, the illustration shows how, looking straight from one side to the opposite side as he stands at the end of a colonnade, such a spectator will see, not only that direct colonnade before him (which will be similar to every other parallel colonnade) but a number of oblique vistas down aisles to his right and left. Each of the outside oblique vistas of the whole field of vision will be equal at the centre of one side of the mosque, while near one of the corners they will be one very short and the other very long. At each opening, therefore, where a stand is made for this experiment or experience, the eye will receive a different set of perspective effects in the heights of the overhead arches and in the dwindling pathway between the columns. In such a space and with such a number of colonnades and arches, the number of possible combinations of line, angle, height, and apparent size is incalculable.

This revelry of changing shafts and capitals

and arches accounts for the bewildering variety of aspect the mosque takes on as you move through its vast expanse as if through a plantation of date-palms, petrified into noble masonry by the muttered spell of a magician ; so that at times you are reminded of the curious optical illusion experienced in a train, when the trees of a passing wood seem to move away from the line of the train's journey with a look of swimming or dancing in a circle. Some observers, strange to say, speak of the monotony or uniformity of the mosque : it is because they look at the trees and not at the forest.

Was this diversity won through multiplied uniformity foreseen and designed ? It is not improbable : for the architects of the mosque were of that race which invented the science as well as the name of Al-gebra, and in that science one of the most fascinating of chapters deals with the astonishing number of permutations and combinations that can be obtained by arranging in different order a very few units, as for example, the letters from A to G, taken in groups of from two to seven letters

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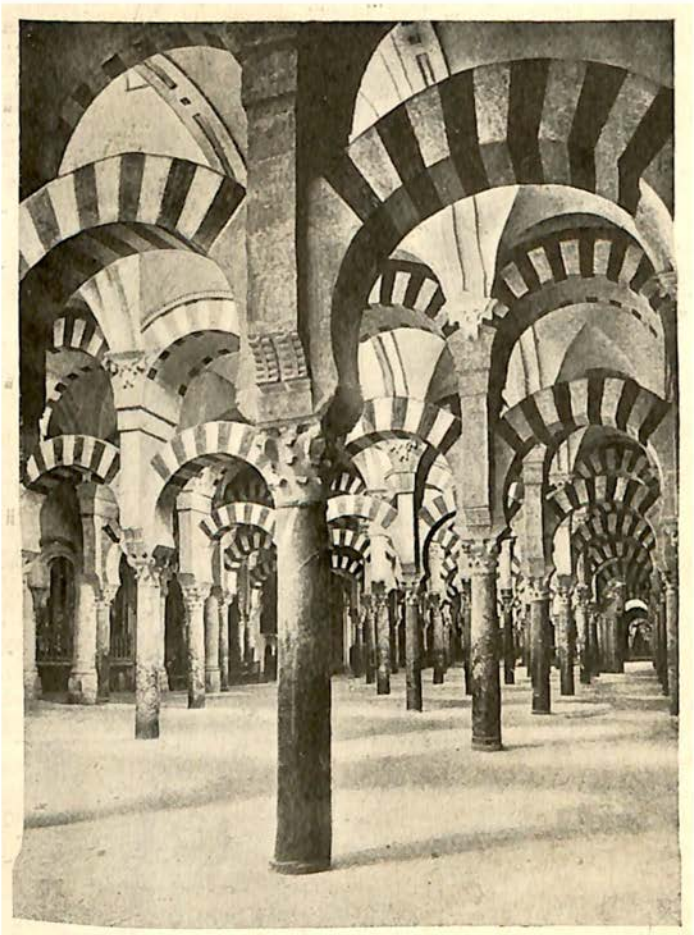
Aisles in the Mosque (2)



and in any order, or the number of patterns that can be made with a dozen square patches of different colour, arranged with a similar liberty. But whether it has come from doctrine or from happy chance, the result has been that perhaps nowhere else has the finite of man's architecture come so near to touching the infinite of his aspiration, and this without employing either the gigantic, as in the Pyramids or in the mammoth temples, with their colossal sculptures, of the Egyptian builders, or the magnificent altitudes with which architects in the Gothic style have sent their thought towering up from earth to the heaven to which their work was a tribute and an aspiration.

I have so far spoken of the building as if it stood now just as its four great builders left it; but the Spanish conquerors of the Moors, always more concerned about the victory of their race than the art of the conquered, and about the externals of their religion than the moral basis of their creed, have done three unpardonable things to this eighth wonder of the world. Originally there was no wall where

there is now the northern wall, through the single door in which the mosque itself is entered, but each of the nineteen aisles was prolonged into the Patio de los Naranjos by rows of orange trees exactly in line with the regiment of columns in the interior, if interior it could be called which was really only a covered court or promenade, divided and adorned by the columns supporting the roof, but otherwise open to light and air. We may well doubt whether any approach to any building can ever have equalled what this must have been in its high and palmy days. It is hard to picture now, with a blank wall closing off the view of the interior, all that delighted the Moorish worshipper when he walked with thousands of the devout along one of these leafy avenues or paused at the fountain of ablutions, hearing the sound of perennial waters such as the Moors brought everywhere, or saw in front of him the pious lights of many thousand lamps in the mosque and on either hand of him :

> Hanging in shades the orange bright
> Like golden lamps in a green light,

to adapt the couplet of old Marvell, which outshines in beauty even that famous line of Mignon's song—

Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn.

But once the original scene is pictured, it is not hard to realize how the eyes of such a worshipper would be drawn through this outer preliminary arcade of natural beauty to the fabulous richness in marble stems and foliage of Allah's House within.

But this exquisite continuity between garden and temple, by which the outer alley-way of living trees was prolonged into an interior arcade of their counterpart in marble or jasper or porphyry, has been cut through violently by the wall which built up all the northern entrances merely to provide a sort of chimney-back for the tawdry chapels of insignificant saints. A further mischief was done when the original roof of carved, inlaid, and painted woods, fastened in with nails of pure gold, was stripped off to make room for a commonplace Gothic vaulting. Last and greatest injury of all, a complete church,

250 feet long, was built in the centre of the mosque, and to make room for it 63 columns were swept away. It is said that the municipality of Cordova threatened with death any one who ventured to carry out such a design, and in those days no court would have held such a by-law void on the ground of unreasonableness; but the Emperor Charles V (who had not then seen the mosque) overrode this manifestation of municipal common sense and permitted the work to go forward, with a result disastrous then and irremediable now. The story goes that when he did see what he had authorized, he rebuked the cathedral chapter for having built here a fine church which could have been built anywhere, but ruined what existed here only in all the world. Yet, as it is, there are nearly 900 columns standing, and the first-built portion of the mosque (which is also the first the visitor sees), invaded though it is by this gaunt intrusion, has still its original unity and a grandeur ample enough to enthral the dullest vision. The later Moorish builders had wisely continued the original plan, adding

field to field of fresh forest architecture, so that, before the church was forced in, the stretch and magnitude of so great a range of beauty must have been beyond the compass of to-day's imagination. It is to be noted, too, that the few chambers built by the Moors, such as the Mihrab (or praying recess) and the Maksurrah, where the Caliph sat when not officiating, were very small, so that they took off but little from the spaciousness of the floors, and that little on the outskirts of the building.

The mosque is still, except where the church has burst through the original roof, a low-ceiled building, 38 feet high, the columns being 13 feet high, but carrying pilasters to support the second row of arches directly over those which connect the columns. The arches are coloured in a wash of primitive red and white stripes, and the pillars have all sorts of capitals and are of all kinds of marble and stone. On one of them is shown a cross said to have been gradually scratched by the finger-nail of the first Christian captive in Cordova, who was chained here till

he died. As Herodotus says, 'those may believe this who wish—I set it down as it was told to me.' The coloured arches overhead are of the horse-shoe shape which is so distinctly Moorish. It would be interesting to know the origin of this fascinating curve, which looks as if some forgotten genius, admiring the Roman arch, but unwilling to reproduce it exactly, had suddenly produced a new architectural type by simply drawing the terminals of the curve together. Or did some Hindoo architect or craftsman, wrecked on the Arabian coast, whether driven west by untoward winds, or while endeavouring to achieve a voyage never yet attempted, ransom his life by showing to an artistic race of builders the secret of a new triumph? However invented, the pattern once found lent itself admirably to the genius for adapting and multiplying curvilinear ornament which seems to ramble at will rather than stride with a purpose over all that decoration which we call arabesque. In this mosque alone the variations in the arch from the simple original begin with the

Puerta del Perdón, where the Gothic form has had enough influence to make the crown of the arch slightly pointed, and so to produce a hybrid, in this case singularly graceful, though in later developments the blend of the two styles tended to become more like a freak than an invention, till at last, in the grotesque opening to the Capilla de Trastamara, you see a wavering outline void of the spring and vitality either of the Roman or of the Moorish arch, as well as of the strength and aspiration of the Gothic; the complete expression of the kind of mind which must be original at all costs, and which will say anything for the sake of saying something.

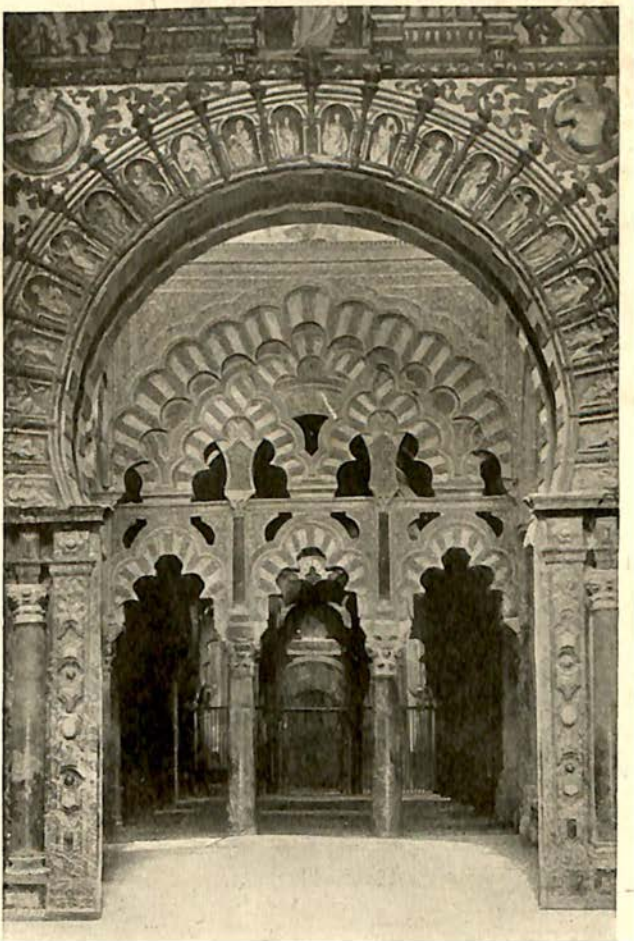
But it was not by imitation or by the breeding of hybrids that the Moors produced their finest triumphs of variety, but chiefly by a spirited and artistic interruption of the line of curve forming the standard shape of arch, which at first consisted of one unbroken sweep of the pencil. This curve they indented with a series of miniature arches all round it, and next, having thus created the indented horse-shoe arch, they practised every artifice

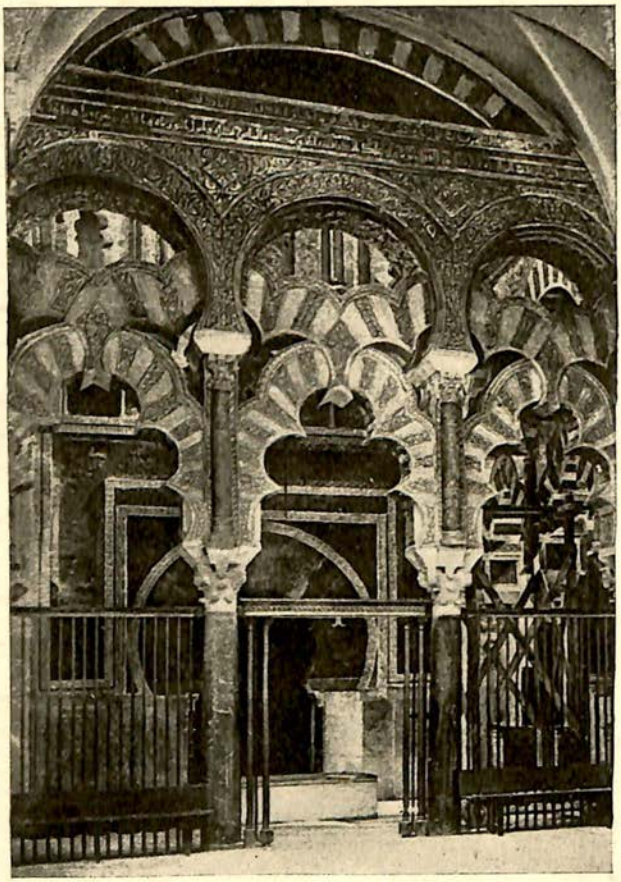
of interweaving beauty with beauty in the way they made one series of arches carry another upon it or reach into another laterally. The most beautiful of these combinations are to be seen in the successive vaultings of the aisle by which is approached the Mihrab, or Holy of Holies, at the south (the Mecca) end of the building. First comes a broad and vigorous grand arch, single and simple, spanning the whole aisle in which you walk. By this is entered the Capilla de Abd-er-Rahman, and in front of the spectator is seen a piled-up composition which begins with three arched alley-ways dividing, of course, the same width of avenue as that through which he has just walked under the single opening. These triple arches seem lofty and narrow by comparison and are all indented, while from the crowns of the left hand and central members of the set spring right and left the sides which form an upper arch, striding, as it were, from pinnacle to pinnacle. This is flanked by a sister arch, whose sides have leapt up in like manner, this time from the crowns of the middle and right-hand

CORDOVA

Sequence of Arches in the Mosque, leading to the Mihrab

Note.—The broad arch described in the text, and the first triple arch behind it, appear clearly in this plate. The third arch of the sequence is only partly visible, but is separately shown in the next plate.





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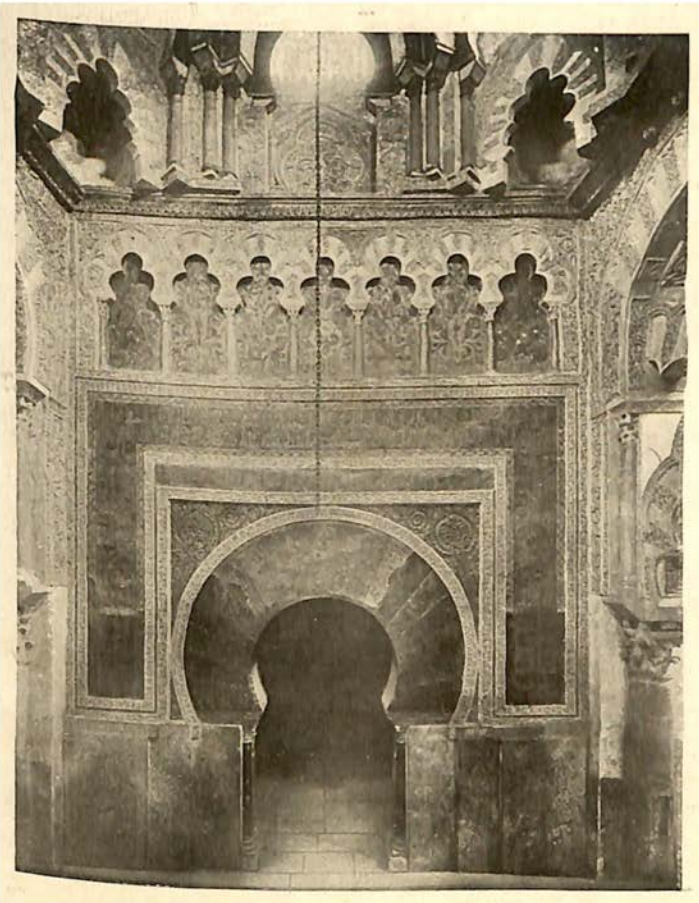
The last Arch of the Sequence

arch. Over the first three arches and the two above them, and encircling them all, is a scheme of decoration which might be called an unsupported arch (unsupported that is by columns or by imposts), really an arch built on the wall in alto-relievo. The three stories of arches thus formed are indented and coloured in vivid primitive tones, and the spandrils or half-spandrils between them have been utilized for arabesque carvings, so that the total richness is almost unrivalled. Continuing towards the Mihrab, comes a similar group of three arches on the lower story, but surmounted this time by three perfectly plain massive curves solidly connected and topped by a pediment, which is the only piece of horizontal line I remember in the structure of the mosque, and which in this and in its exquisite tracery is almost of the Greek simplicity.

The effect of this sequence of three styles is like a crescendo from breadth to luxuriance, followed by a diminuendo back to simplicity; and by such a succession of diversified beauty the devotee was led to the ante-chamber of



the Mihrab itself, once in its splendour of opulence the shining climacteric of a mosque greater and richer than any outside of Mecca. The gold which plated its inner walls has disappeared as, on the other side of the Atlantic, the spoils of the Inca temples have disappeared, to satiate the greed and poison the lives of the same marauding conquerors. The floor no longer carries the famous inlaid pulpit in which there were tens of thousands of pieces of choice woods fastened with gold and ivory nails; the venerated copy of the Koran, enriched with a binding of cloth-of-gold sewn with pearls, but thought still richer from the blood of the first Othman spilt upon it, has, after many wanderings, vanished, like the Ark of Israel, from the knowledge of men. Yet the Mihrab is still, in architectural nobility of design and in exquisite proportion, one of the famous shrines of the world. It is entered through a low arch, in which the wheel has almost come full circle, and the outer wall in which it stands is rich with *azulejos*—the coloured tiles which to this day blaze with a metallic

CORDOVA

The Mihrab

lustre modern methods cannot reproduce, any more than they can the stained glass of the Middle Ages or the enamelled terra-cotta of the Della Robbias. Inside, the chamber is small and almost cell-like, with a roof formed by a single block of white marble carved in the shape of a half-shell of the pecten type, the deep flutings of which run down to a hexagonal panelled wall with a wainscot of horse-shoe arches, these again being aflame with *azulejos*. Unluckily, the walling-up of the doors on the north, and still more the erection of the church, has darkened the Mihrab, so that it can only be seen by the guide's torch. But the century-long worship which took place here has literally left its mark, since the whole outer circuit of the marble floors next to the wall is worn to a depth of two or three inches by the knees of the faithful, who thus went chanting round the sacred copy of the Koran set up in the pulpit in the centre. And even now, when, to us, the faithful and their faith have faded into degraded hordes practising a despised superstition, the mind of the very

alien feels, in the symmetry, the seclusion, and the awe of this little chamber, how surely the strong and direct soul of Mohammed so tutored the old caliph and his builders that they understood the task of making the flower of all the beauty and devotion of their House of God blossom out of a perfection of measure and type as simple in its way as the Psyche of Praxiteles.

The modern traveller sees this astounding mosque with its colouring dulled, its amplitude curtailed, and its treasury of ornament plundered, but as he notices how every column has been polished just at the height of the shoulder, he peoples it readily with its vanished myriads of worshippers; he sees again the sunlight streaming in from the courtyard to meet the lights of the earthly firmament within; he pictures the floor brilliant with the dyes of Tyre and Sidon in the praying-mats of the faithful, and he realizes how the Moors made of their religion not only a frenzy that could support them in death but a delight and a wonder in the religious acts of daily life.

Córdoba muerta! But so long as its mosque endures, the memory of the silent town will call up the image of death only as poets have thought of it—eternal peace brooding over eternal beauty.

SEVILLE

SEVILLE is the city of life. It is the Naples of Spain, though without that noble progeny of natural beauty which the fervent pulse of Earth's inner flame has begotten in all the lovely region that lies between Posilipo and Sorrento. And the vitality of Seville has been of a deep persistence which has lived down generations of conquest from the times of the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, through the days when, in Gibbon's splendid phrase regarding the decay of these last, 'the giant races of the North broke in and mended the puny breed', till, after succeeding centuries of struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, the 'Catholic Kings' made of it the perennial fief of the European race and the Christian creed.

And yet it is not as an aged and war-worn conqueror that Seville appears to-day; in its brightness, its easy gaiety, its open-air frankness, it suggests rather the symbol of

a robust child whose innate force neither neglect nor sickness has been able to quell. In Daudet's *Nabob* is a description of a charlatan's orphanage in which the cure-all is goat's milk, literally straight from the animal, for the little waifs are compelled to take in their nutriment on that principle of direct suction, which completes the ideal of a return to Nature, and which enjoyed royal patronage when Romulus and Remus were babies. Most of the youngsters of this orphanage die, but Daudet tells us that one or two have a pugnacity in their veins which makes them battle through and turn out thriving and lusty. Such a child is Seville. Nothing has been able to kill it, neither have tribulations availed to sober its inveterate youthfulness or mar its look of vigour and vivacity with any wrinkle of fatigue or any line of recollected suffering. Strange to say, modern Seville does in the literal sense grow up largely upon goat's milk. In a walk before breakfast, you will see a dairywoman from the suburbs driving along a flock of sleek little brown goats, each of them with a clever

head-stall or muzzle of cocoa-fibre rope to discourage the overweening propensity of goats to nose and nibble anything which is in the least degree more edible than jam-tins. Thus disciplined, the flock trots smartly along, turns the right corners, and pulls up at the right houses. Here the customer brings out a jug, the *lechera* milks a quart or so into it, the door is shut, and the milk-train moves on to the next station. And in the shops of milk-suppliers you will see two great china vases—*tinajas*—in shape much like a Roman wine-jar, one of which is branded *Leche de Cabra* (goat's milk), the other *Leche de Vaca* (cow's milk). Little does it matter to the Sevillano that learned Germans, by the dexterous plus and minus technique of microbiology have demonstrated that goat's milk is the cause of Mediterranean fever. Like all other Spaniards, the Sevillano despises any cult or doctrine which seeks to wean him from his habits in eating and drinking. Even the inflexibility of the Roman See has had to recognize this trait, which is in truth but a phase of that Spanish distaste

for interference with individual action which makes Spain a country of many excellent laws and of an exceeding disregard for all of them. Thus, in this *muy católico* country, it is not irreligious to eat meat on Friday. Generations ago it was discovered by the churchmen in Madrid that the *muy católico* nation found it *muy antipático* to give up this personal right, and no sooner was this discovery made in Madrid than another followed on its heels, for it was found out in Rome that so far the Spanish nation had received no specific reward from the Holy Church for its valiant action in the crusades against the Moors. The felicitous undesigned coincidence of these two discoveries led to the promulgation of the Bula de la Santa Cruzada—the Bull of the Holy Crusade—which, in consideration of Spain's services in earlier days, granted a dispensation for the year of the Bull from the rule against eating meat on Friday. Like the Mutiny Act, this decree was found so useful in the promotion of allegiance that it has been renewed every year. A copy of the Bull for the current

year is bought by faithful women and by precisians amongst men for a peseta; others who know that they come within the protection of the edict in any event, save their pesetas to buy steak. A similar reconciliation of saintliness with human wisdom led to many of the Jews of Toledo—we may be sure, not the least opulent ones—being spared in the Great Expulsion because it suddenly came to light that they were descended from Simon of Cyrene, who bore the cross in the procession to Calvary.

It was in Seville that I first learnt the meaning of the cry I had heard in other places of '*Caleñitos! Caleñitos!*' Near the cathedral I saw an old man and his wife cooking these dainties. A flat copper dish of fat or oil was kept boiling over a huge brasier on the pavement, while the old woman mixed up a viscous paste with flour and water, and poured it into a clumsy wooden force-pump, which squeezed it out of a nozzle about an inch in diameter, so that it fell direct into the bubbling pan. In less than a minute it became a sort of coarse *beignet*,

well-browned, very palatable, and—crowning virtue in a poor country—possessed of great staying power. These inflated puffs are forked out into a wrapper of paper and eaten as the buyer stands or strolls in the street. They are *caleñitos*. All through Andalucia prevails the custom of eating in the streets, and to some extent of using them for kitchen as well as dining-room. Thus in any large Plaza is to be seen a group of women, each with a trio of earthenware pipkins, one above the other, heated from a grate below. Sometimes these are managed so as to regulate the varying heat at which a succession of roast chestnuts is prepared, sometimes to cook three courses; for example, a broth, a stew, and chestnuts. But, whatever the food, the Spaniard has no objection to taking it *al fresco*, and this is in part the reason why bringing meals for a train journey is universal. As is fitting in a river town which is a busy port (for oversea steamers come all the way up the river to Seville), shell-fish, mysterious in appearance, but tasty enough, or crabs, or oysters *à la diable*, figure largely in the

native menu of Seville, especially when the Sevillano drinks *manzanilla*, the special drink of the district, made from a bitter herb (either rue or camomile), which yields a fermented liquor something between a cider and a vermouth in flavour. It was the local attachment to shell-fish which gave point to some verses in the Seville daily about the inferiority to virtuous Seville of wicked Paris, where men of science have discovered how to make artificial snails—the shells alone being genuine.

Business, again, flows in Seville in a strong and steady stream; at the wharfs with little that is characteristic, but in the centre of the city with much that is novel. In the 'Sierpes', the short street without a foot-path, which is the busiest part of the city, the barbers' shops keep up a custom which brings back to mind one of the merriest pages of Don Quixote, for the vast barber's basin of brass, with a bite out of one side of it to fit under the chin, is still in use, and is shaped exactly as boys before the consulship of Kipling used to see it in Cruikshank's

illustration of the scene where Don Quixote captured it in a brilliant charge, under the belief that it was the far-famed helmet of Mambrino. The shops are small but brilliant, with *sombrillas* (sun-shades) and ribboned *castañetas*, and with *mantillas*, *goyas*, and guitars, or with fans and jewels all 'of the highest authentic antiquity', but these are for the stranger, and he, on his part, is struck with the poor quality of ordinary goods for the use of *el pueblo*, such as shoes or clothing or household requirements, as the case may be. The Sierpes is too narrow and crowded for restaurants to serve their customers outside, as in Madrid, but to make up for this the whole street side of the cafés, and even of the front rooms of clubs, is of glass. At night both streets and cafés are crammed with people, wheel-traffic being entirely forbidden then, as it is limited to inward delivery purposes during the day. The sellers of *décimos* (tenth shares in the innumerable lotteries that go on in Spain), of newspapers, or (in the season) of tickets for the bull-fight (*Los Toros*), jostle with gipsies, who wear the

traditional costume, but have long parted with the traditional modesty of the *Gitana*, while waiters, whom nothing but Spanish good-temper could save from distraction, perform dazzling achievements in the way of over-time; the whole city apparently feeling that the day begins when the sun goes down. At some of the theatres performances are given as at Madrid, every hour, at others a full play is presented at 4.30 p.m., and the same play again at 10.30 p.m. Such houses are known as *teatros por horas*, or 'theatres by hours'. When it is remembered that in Spain every democrat thinks his own rights more important than those of the democracy, it will be judged what chance there would be of introducing early closing. Such a *proyecto de ley* might pass indeed, but its operation would be at once subjected to the process it prescribed.

The great lure in the amusements of Seville is the Andalucian dancing—an art of which so much is heard, and—*experto crede*—so little is to be believed. In England, as in Australia, the *première danseuse* is nowadays

so often little more than an acrobat, flinging herself about or being flung about (as if contortion, not grace, was the main merit), that you might hope to find, here on the native heath of so many dances, something that would show the true poetry of motion, as Milton described poetry itself, 'simple, sensuous, passionate'. There is, however, nothing in the least degree worth the time spent at the Café de las Novedades, for example, except to contemplate the fatuous generosity of the audience that shouts its admiration. A rude stage in a square hall, with a balcony running all round it, is flanked by tawdry dovecots at each side. At the windows of these sit the girls who are to dance, displaying the charm of domesticity in pretended needlework, or perhaps it is lacemaking. They lay aside this touching diligence to wave a hand when any acquaintance calls out from the benches on the ground floor or from the lordlier chairs above, and it is clearly a recognized thing that each girl shall have her turn at the puppet show. At last they and the male dancers file on to the stage, and in

a moment one sees where the 'Hallelujah Lasses' got their methods. The performers sit in a semicircle, one or two singing, others joining in or playing tambourine or guitar, as the fancy seems to take them. A nudge, or a call from the audience, or an apparent seizure of inspiration, brings a girl to her feet, and the favourite 'Flamenca' dance begins. The performer is fully dressed, and the performance seems directed to show that this is not necessarily a guarantee of modesty. The agility is astonishing, but it is a graceless agility, of which wriggling, stamping, and making the body muscles quiver visibly is the essence. A male performer in like fashion thrusts out his hips, clicks his heels, jumps into the air, and spins round in descending, his tight suit with gay-fringed jacket showing off his figure admirably; but if this represents, as we are told, courtship, it is the courtship of enamoured monkeys, and Andalucia might with advantage import from us a few lyre-birds or native companions as more graceful models.

Actual courtship in Andalucia has many

curious features, in not a few of which the influence of the Oriental visitation is to be seen. In no country in Europe is there a nearer approach to the strict isolation of women from men, at least before marriage. True, there is not the severity of the purdah or the harem, but unmarried girls (except the working-classes) are not seen abroad unless armed to the teeth with at least one dueña, and the stranger who has pointed out to him the *reja* or *grille*, which gives admittance to the *patio*, and which in the older houses is of exquisite wrought-iron work, finds it hard to believe that it is only through this obstacle that lovers are allowed to converse alone. In Madrid, where the *patio* is not such a feature, and where, of course, the *enamorada* may live in the fourth or fifth story, her lover, in transmitting his vows from the pavement up to her window, reconciles as best he can the whisper of passion with the determination to be heard, and this is called *hacer el oso*, or 'acting the bear', an idiom at any rate easier to understand than that which describes a lover at the *reja*

as 'plucking the pea-hen' (*pelar la pava*) with his lady. As a set-off against this almost monastic separation, it is recognized as quite permissible for young men in the towns and villages of Andalucia to pour out direct rhapsodies to any girl who passes with her dueña, and a reigning beauty will be met with fervent greetings, such as 'Blessed be God for giving us the sight of the beautiful Pepita!' or, 'Look at the beautiful eyes of our splendid Doña Luz!' or, 'I should like to throw my cloak and myself for the glorious Rosita to walk upon!' Most remarkable circumstance of all, in a race of such lively blood, is the great length of engagements, which last for years, and may drag on until the young man, as in one story, hardly dares to marry because he would not know where to spend his evenings!

To return to the Flamenca dance: throughout its performance the audience yells 'Arre! Arre!' (is this the original of our 'Hooray', brought home by sailors, who were the first to use it?), or 'Ollé! Ollé!' to wind up the dancers to greater velocity; other dancers

spring up in substitution or shout out, 'Anda! anda!' (Anglicè, 'Go! go!') in dutiful enthusiasm, and when each of some eight performers has held the floor in turn, this famous proof of the capacity of other races than the English to enjoy themselves sadly is over. A cry next arises for 'Los Quintos! Los Quintos!' and a rude play is then presented, in which a sergeant takes in hand an awkward squad of recruits ('Quintos', because a fifth of the population is drafted into the army). The fun of this depends on the absurd uniforms, clownish look, the noisy action (of the 'Say-Damn-and-knock-a-chair-down' school, which actors say is always sure of a laugh), and the kicks and slaps which one Quinto gives either to his comrades, or, as if on the pretext of doing what he has had shown to him, to his officer. It astonished me to be told that kicking and boxing the ears is quite permitted in the actual drill of recruits. They are generally illiterate peasants from the country-side, who may be seen in the barrack-yard any day crowding round the lucky scholar who can

write their letters for them at a 'real' (2½*d.*) apiece. But, peasants as they are, they have often the deep self-respect of the Spanish *caballero*, and here at Seville, a month before my visit, a young man, tortured by too much of this childish castigation and by other ill-treatment, invested seven pesetas in a *navaja* (the long knife familiarly seen in such plays as *Carmen*), and had his wild justice on his persecutor. The Prussian army is said to have been the last army in Europe to discard the humiliating practice of non-commissioned officers striking the common soldier with the cane; but Spain still lags behind in this licensed insolence of authority.

During the intermezzo, the girls and the dancing *majo*, a really decent young fellow, looking forward with pride to a Paris engagement, strolled about in the *paraiso* (as the balcony is called) chatting or drinking coffee, and at the end of a couple of hours of such diversion the working men on the ground floor were leaving or dropping off to sleep when the handbills arrived for a performance at another café, which was to begin

at 11.30 p.m. These handbills informed gentlemen clients (*señores parroquianos*) that they would not be allowed to take in with them *navajas* or *espuelas* (spurs), and that the management reserved the right to turn out any offenders against order. Beyond question, what was forbidden offered better prospects of entertainment than what was promised in this programme.

The truth is that the famed grace and beauty of Andalucia are not to be seen in the set theatre of the town. There was far more of these in the mimicry of a bull-fight by boys in a back street. The two principals in this favourite Spanish game were the bull—a boy with a real pair of horns strapped to a board, and worn so as to project from the forehead—and the *matador*, armed with his red bull-cloth (*muleta*) and a short wooden sword. A couple of younger boys with deal splinters played the role of *picadores*, and prodded the 'bull' into action, while the *espada* with an air of the deepest and most earnest gravity carried out with delightful skill all the mimic *paseos* of the real *corrida*,

fluttering his *muleta* gracefully, standing to the last possible moment, and then evading death by a silent and swift glide or a graceful bend of the body. Seeing that he was watched, the young toreador brought the 'bull' to a stand, posed opposite him and ran him through the heart with that one thrust of the *espada* which is essential if the matador is to win. Unflushed by his triumph he turned with a sweep of his sword and an easy bow that was *muy español* to the spectator. Bearing in mind that boy-nature is the same all the world over, we may safely give to this sturdy performer the stage-name of Vicente Pastor, for this was the name of a man who had leapt into fame in Madrid a week before, having killed six bulls in succession.

And so, ¡ Adios ! Vicente.

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The Alcázar, or Palace of the Moorish Kings

See p. 140

Anderson Photo]

COLUMBUS IN SEVILLE

AT the mouth of the little Rio Tinto lie the village and roadstead of Palos, from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage to the New World, and to which seven months later he returned, bringing with him immortal sheaves. If lines are drawn connecting Palos with Cordova and Granada, and these with one another, the flat equilateral thus formed will include nearly all that Columbus has rendered famous by the patient footprints left during seven years of tramping backwards and forwards in the pursuit of his fixed idea. It will include Cordova, where his project first encountered the frosty scepticism of the Spanish Court, and where he first met that Beatrix who, according to Barilli (*Le due Beatrici*), was to be so great a clog upon his courage, but who made her amends by bearing him one of the noblest sons in history, Fernando. It will include La Rábida, the little convent where Columbus, shabby and

exhausted, asked a meal for himself and that son, and at once struck a deep root of friendship into the heart of Friar Juan Pérez, his most useful ally; it will include Granada, where the cosmographical crank (as he was thought) stood amongst other courtiers on the bank of the Genil to see the last Moorish key delivered up by the last Moorish king; it will include the little bridge of Pinos, where he was overtaken on his way for France in intended abandonment of Spain as his patron country, and it will include the village of Santa Fé, in the *vega* or plain of Granada, where, as if by a deathbed repentance, Ferdinand and Isabella were converted to a faith in him which brought forth works and so gave him his *capitulación* or charter, making him Admiral, Viceroy, and part owner of all he might discover.

And above all, it will include Seville. For it was here that Columbus first tasted the triumphing sweetness of a people's love and admiration, entering like a bloodless conqueror with his Indians and his sailors (evidence in human black and white of what he had

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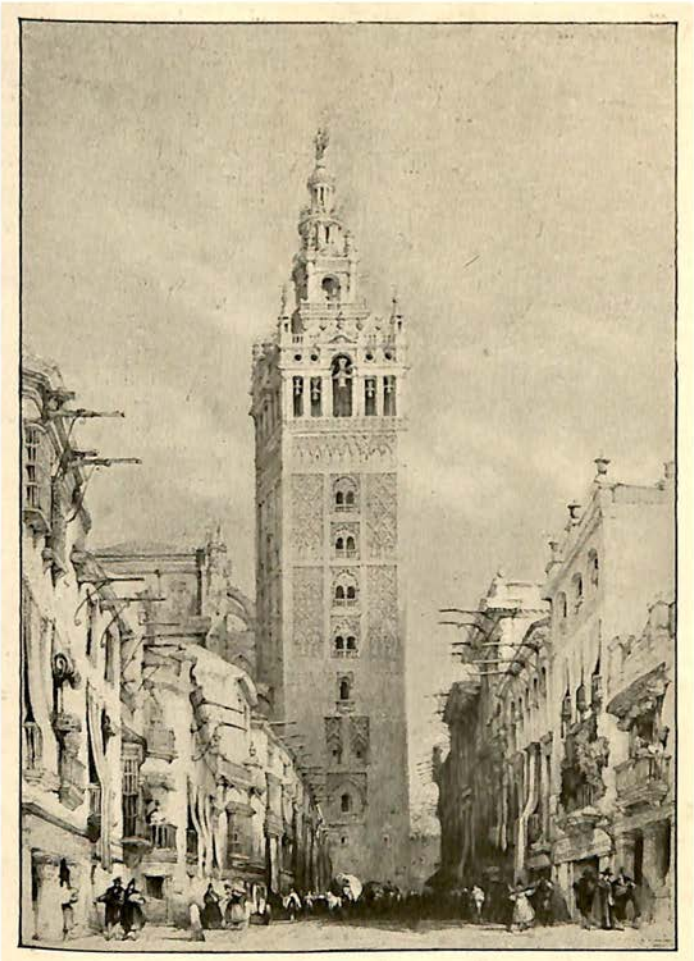
The Cathedral—the Giralda Tower

From a water-colour by David Roberts in the University Galleries, Oxford



done), and escorted by the plaudits and benedictions of thousands of citizens, gazing with cries of wonder at birds and fruits of a wilder beauty than those of Andalucia; and it was hence that he sent the famous 'Letter' announcing his discovery to the Catholic Kings. The natural centre of this and so many other memories of Columbus is the great Cathedral, where he must have wandered in so many hours of early disesteem, or dedicated in pious vows the expected fruits of his enterprise, or else knelt in that dark agony of a great soul when a rising despair infects with all its passion the last supplications of a dying hope. Here, too, his bones, after many wanderings, lie under the same roof with those of Fernando, who did so much for his memory, spending his own life to garner in for posterity all that could shed light or glory upon his father's deeds.

The Cathedral at Seville is a worthy mausoleum for dust so famous. In point of size the greatest church but one in Europe, it is in point of grandeur of design second not

even to that one. It has not, indeed, the bold magnificence, the high light, the resplendent decoration, and the exaltation of colour which avouch and warrant the proud challenge of St. Peter's; even its vastness is (as is usual with Spanish churches) diminished by the *coro* built up in its centre; but it exhales silently that profound effluence of the human spirit sunk in contemplation and worship which is the spiritual product of the Gothic alone amongst all architectures, and it does this with a freedom from ostentation which seems to evince in the soul of its builders as well as to seek to evoke in that of its beholders the last and highest faculty of human worth, a great strength lighted to its task by the Lamp of Sacrifice. The towering lines of the Cologne interior soar with a steeper and a higher flight, and in that immense shrine no intrusion crosses the stately march of the nave from the colossal twin tower-bases in the west to the high altar in the east; but the clear austerity of Cologne Cathedral, compared with the magnificent brooding softness of Seville, has in it something of

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The Cathedral (Interior)

Lacoste Photo]

the conscious pride and power of a master, qualities which rank below the quieter strength and the serener intimate authority of a mother. At Seville, the great double aisles, whose arches seem to lift themselves with a measured dignity into the vaulted quietude of the roof, breathe a mellow benediction from early morning to the final folding of the night; the white-flaming brilliance of the world without is caught by the soft interruption of the windows, and tempered into broad shafts of rainbow colours riding serenely in the solemn atmosphere from clerestory to floor; the very music of the ancient organ, whose notes might have been tuned by St. Cecilia herself, has in it as much of mildness as of majesty; and if St. Peter's stands rightly for the imperial palace of the religious spirit, and Cologne for its school, Seville is more—it is its rest and dwelling-place. It is not without fitness that in one of the almost sombre side-chapels of this glorious church there should be Murillo's Anthony of Padua, a quiet masterpiece which shows us the patron-saint of the care of children,

painted by the softest and most human of religious idealists.

A marble tablet in the floor of the nave between the *coro* and the western door covers the tomb of Fernando Columbus, or Colón as Spaniards call him. Upon it are engraved the arms given to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella, the lion and the castle of Leon and Castile, quartered with islands and waves (*or* in *azure* being the heraldic colours) and five anchors. The motto is—

Á Castilla y á León
Nuevo Mundo dió Colón.

(Columbus gave a New World to Castile and Leon.)

But as well as the family arms and motto, there are engraved here three caravels, the *Santa Maria* (of 100 tons), the *Pinta* (of 50 tons), and the *Niña* (of 40 tons). They preserve for us a contemporary and authentic image of the tiny 'Armada' (as Columbus called it in his letter to Santangel) that first crossed the Atlantic to give a New World, not merely, or even chiefly, to Castile and

Leon, but, as it has turned out, to mankind, and above all to mankind under free institutions, which, however belied by much that has been tyrannical, sanguinary, and shameful, are themselves an augury of a New World for the destiny of man, inasmuch as from North to South the whole double continent has become and will remain the possession of peoples and not of dynasties.

It is not, however, at the tomb of Fernando that the finest and most enduring tribute of his filial devotion is to be seen. Even now the lines traced deep in the marble show signs of the thousands of footfalls that have passed above them, as do the inscriptions on many of the tombs in Westminster Abbey or the Temple Church. But near the north-east corner of the Cathedral exterior a staircase leads to the Biblioteca Columbina, the great library where

> High-pilèd books in charactery
> Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain

of Fernando's year-long husbandry of works relating to America and its discovery, which

he gathered in from every country in Europe and bequeathed as a son of Seville to his city. The library at first consisted of 4,000 volumes, and now contains over 30,000, as well as many manuscripts. Scores of scholars have drawn upon this great treasure-house, amongst them famous 'Americanistas'—a tribe of Spanish writers about the early days of America on both sides of the Atlantic—but the layman finds his greatest interest centred in the narrow compass of books on which Columbus pored long and pondered deeply, and which are annotated in his own hand.

Amidst much detraction which in the last half-century has succeeded to the lay canonization of Columbus in earlier days, nothing has been more futile and misplaced than the relish with which some writers have proved that Columbus was not, as used to be said, a learned or a scientific man, and did not make his discovery as the result of a sound theory, nor even seek to find India, as he afterwards said he had meant to do and had done. These books of Columbus, of

which I speak, would prove all these things except perhaps the last, and yet—are they worth proving? It is one of the snares of learning that it often feeds the nerve of that vanity in men which thrills at contact with the faults of others, and that it sometimes produces (to quote a notable phrase of Badham's) 'the flatus of self-sufficiency rather than the afflatus of inspiration'. Columbus made geography if he did not know geography, and though he was not an inventive theorist, he was an inventor, and therefore, by the unappealable judgement of history, he rightly enjoys the exclusive and perpetual patent of his discovery. Others had pondered but not sailed; others still had sailed but not pondered. Columbus both pondered and sailed, and seems to have been the only man of his time who at once absorbed (and this at times with a felicitous credulity) the opinions of all who had speculated or even dreamt about the New World, and at the same time absorbed them always and only as the nutriment of a fixed practical resolve.

The three manuscripts which disclose so much of Columbus's mind are the Imago Mundi of Pierre d'Ailly, the Historia Rerum ubique Gestarum of Aeneas Silvius (afterwards Pope Pius II), and the voyages of Marco Polo, whose extraordinary stories, such as those of griffins with tails growing up into trees, Columbus believed at the age of forty, even if many Australian boys have laughed at them at the age of fourteen. Columbus noted these books in a way that betokens an extremely close reader, cloistered in a straitened circuit of interest, sometimes underlining a passage, sometimes summarizing a meaning, sometimes disputing, sometimes adding his own notion or belief, and throughout availing himself of Nota Bene signs, such as a prolonged Latin cross with double arms or a printer's *manecilla*—a little hand with two fingers pointing. The notes are not easy to read. They are in a Latin which would bring down a rain of impositions on a schoolboy, full of abbreviations which perhaps even a scholar could not now decipher, and they are written in a small, somewhat squat

script, which was not Columbus's ordinary handwriting, but which imitated rather the formal lettering of the early printers. For all that, they are, for the general reader, not a closed but only a mutilated book. In a page of the Imago Mundi, e. g., Columbus puts the *manecilla* to a note of his own that 'amongst those mountains are . . . innumerable, amongst which chrysoprases and . . . and precious stones', a note which is in harmony with a Spanish writer's generalization that in Marco Polo's book Columbus specially marked those passages which spoke of the richness and splendour of the countries visited, thus showing his utilitarian and unmystical views.

Again, 'India has many aromatic roots and very many precious stones, and mountains of gold within beautiful country' (*terra spectabilis*—a phrase savouring of Church Latin, which was perhaps Columbus's chief resource for that language). Then a cross surmounts the note 'the front of India descends as far as the tropic of Capricorn', 'A (? single or narrow) arm of the sea sur-

rounds ('anbit' as Columbus writes 'ambit') India and Spain'—a definition of belief in the sea-connexion with India, which almost proves that Columbus expected by crossing the ocean to find India, and not merely 'unknown lands', as some modern objectors contend. It was, by the by, from authorities such as these that Columbus got the notion that the intervening sea was very narrow, a notion which, while it made his undertaking seem less difficult, led him into trouble with his men when the outward voyage proved so long. Another interesting note rebukes even a man who became a Pope for a piety which falsified knowledge. Aeneas Silvius has (no doubt, with the best intentions) placed Jerusalem in the middle of the earth. On this Columbus says, 'It is a lie (*falsitas*) putting Jerusalem in the middle of the earth'. A note reading like 'white pepper' (*pipir albu*) points again to the keenness for the spices of India which cropped out in the earlier comment, while the mention of 'griffins 12 cubits long' and other wonders explains how Columbus could believe, as he reported on his return, that in

some of the new lands men were born with tails, and in others the whole population was without hair. Lastly, as to this volume of Aeneas Silvius, Columbus on a spare leaf has copied the famous letter from Toscanelli, the Italian astronomer, in support of his views—a letter of the greatest service in his campaign of persuasion. The genuineness of this letter is generally admitted, though a recent English writer not only follows some who dispute it, but propounds the very place and time when the letter was forged by Columbus, viz. the meeting with his brother Bartholomew at Lisbon in 1488. He admits that the allocation is, in his own words, 'entirely unsupported by any historical evidence', but evidently finds it as easy to invent an 'ibi' which will damn Colombus, as Tony Weller did to invent the 'alleybi' which would have saved Pickwick.

An edition of Seneca's *Tragedies* is here shown, which was not published till after Columbus's death at Valladolid in 1506. It contains a filial note by Fernando opposite a passage famous as one of those which are

known to have greatly influenced Columbus. In Act 3 of the *Medea* the Nurse makes the following prediction: 'The days will come in later years when Ocean will loosen her present bonds and a vast earth will be seen, and a hero-pilot will discover new worlds, nor will Thule be the end of the earth.' Fernando has drawn a sign like a long basket-hilted sword against both sides of this passage, and written in Latin in the margin, 'This prophecy was fulfilled by my father, Admiral Christopher Columbus, in the year 1492'. Similarly on the title-page of another work in the Library, where the words 'Christofori Columbi' occur, Fernando draws a *manecilla*, and writes 'Christoforus Columbus, pater meus'. Here, too, Fernando has preserved a unique copy of the first book upon the 'nuove insule di Indiana' discovered by 'Xfano Cholombo' (*sic*). It was published by the Florentine poet Dati at Rome in 1493.

In this Columbine Library it is interesting to contrast such memorials as these with the perishable fame which belongs to the sword of the 'Gran Capitán'. This grim weapon,

which four centuries ago was a treasure greater than any of the brief relics of Columbus's work, is honourably enshrined in a glass case and bears the following inscription, the loud, forgotten braggadocio of which may be read in the version of an unnamed American lady:

De Fernán Gonzalez fui
De quien receví el valor,
Y no le adquirí menor
De un Vargas a quien serví;
Soi la Octava maravilla
En cortar Moras gargantas,
No sabré io decir quantas,
Mas sé, que gané a Sevilla.

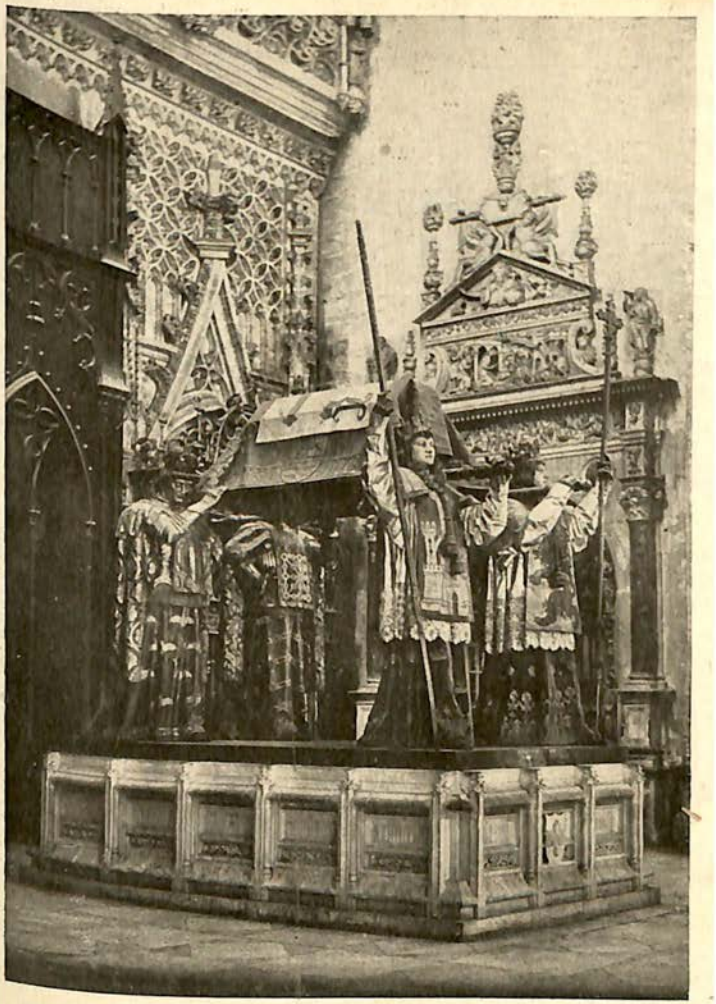
Fernan Gonzalez was my lord
And then was I a Vargas' sword;
From each in turn I drew the worth
That makes me wonder of the earth;
Why should I count what Moors I kill?
Enough to say—I won Seville.

It has been mentioned that the remains of Columbus are buried in the Cathedral. His tomb has a massive base, upon which stand four large figures in painted and gilded bronze, bearing a sarcophagus shaped like a bier upon

their shoulders, the figures representing the kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre. Standing as it does immediately inside the great southern door, it gives exactly the impression of the head of a funeral procession which has just entered the church. This monument was erected in Havana Cathedral, but brought to Spain in 1899. Round the base is inscribed, 'Cuba and its Government erected this monument for the remains of Columbus. When the island of Cuba freed itself from the Spanish motherland Seville obtained the placing of it.' ('De los restos de Colón Cuba y su ayuntamiento erigió este pedestal. Cuando la isla de Cuba se emancipó de la madre España, Sevilla obtuvo el depósito.') This is perhaps the only funeral monument in which a form so stately, so conducive to architectural effect, and so apt for historical allegory as that of four bearers carrying the dead has been employed. Curious that the nineteenth century should have been nearly over before a type of memorial so natural to primitive imitation was discovered! As it is, the monument

SEVILLE

The Cathedral—Tomb of Columbus



reminds the spectator only in part of the strange fate that overtook Columbus's remains. Though his will is silent as to their disposal, it appears from his eldest son Diego's testament that he had wished to be buried in Santo Domingo, as if his ruling passion for the open ocean and the west had not been sated by a lifetime of adventures by sea, and he must go sailing even after death. He was, however, buried at Valladolid, then moved to the Chartreuse here in Seville, then to Santo Domingo, and when the French took Hayti the body was again lifted and carried to Havana Cathedral. Hence it has in our own times taken ship back to Europe and Seville, there, let us hope, to lie at last undisturbed. What a voyager!

GRANADA

THE HILL OF THE ALHAMBRA

THE exhilarating fertility of the district around Granada, globed over as it is by a sky such as the lucid dome of the earthly paradise may perhaps have been, runs up to its genial crown of richness and fascination in the 'Red Hill' or Al-Hambra. The Sierra Nevada drops from nearly 12,000 feet of height by a swiftly-descending spur, at the end of which the olive-covered hill known as the Silla del Moro leads by one sharp step to the Alhambra; and this stands out as a round boss or promontory at the base of which lie the plain and the glories of the plain. The Calle de Gomeres climbs suddenly up from Granada itself till the gate of the Granadas (so called from the three great pomegranates in stone which surmount it) admits the stranger to the Alameda or park, and in this he gets the first taste of the noble growth which covers every part of the hill, and the first sight and

GRANADA

General View of the Alhambra Hill, with the Sierra Nevada

sound of the snow-fed waters running everywhere under the shades they nourish or scattering their coolness and their music in the open courts or the secluded chambers of the great Arabian Palace. Beyond the park, the road (which now becomes the Camino del Cementerio) opens out on the higher slopes, and, still climbing over the backbone of the hill, is skirted by gardens and orchards where the vine and the olive, the fig, the pomegranate and the orange, fill in upon the red background of a soil unexhausted by generations of tillage the rich pictures which visiting painters have for so many years carried away with them to bleaker climes. For in the colder countries of Europe a stark climate has always bred in the inhabitants that longing of the stern north for the tenderer and more fruitful south, expressed by Heine in the two inimitable verses in which is fabled the dream of the pine-tree for the palm.

A sharp turn in the road to the right near the top of the hill leads almost abruptly to a patch of plateau, bare and open except for a single farmhouse and a *posada* withdrawn

a little as if to leave, by a kind of deferential courtesy, the whole unbroken field of vision to the spectator. From this plateau a view is given of part of the white city lying to the right, and of a ring of grey hills far off to the west, while, at the eastern side of the great circle, the aëry range of vision is closed by the eternal snow on the saw-like ridge named the Sierra Nevada. Below lie distant clusters of towns or villages dotted sparsely over a wide expanse of opaque grey-green, and in the near foreground are the country-seats or *almenas*, where around the homestead and fruit-laden orchard of each proprietor a retinue of dependent dwellings stands in a fashion which itself suggests a patriarchal system. Seen from above, these groups of buildings spring out of the plain with that definition of line combined with softness of lighting which is the proper quality of the finest of etchings.

But the *cor cordium* of the beauty of this famous hill is seen by the visitor who, untutored by any guide, saunters down the road called the *Cuesta del Rey Chico* (or Slope of

the Boy King), which circles the north-eastern side of the palace and its grounds. In the early morning there is not even an *alguacil* at his post near the outer gateway of the Generalife; even if there were, the Spanish Government has conferred the freedom of the palace and its surroundings on all who care to roam there. On the right is another sharp fold in the surface of the earth, making a hill terraced and planted from its base to the luxurious gardens of the Generalife, where myrtles and palms and century-old cypresses crowd in with roses and oleanders and every kind of shrub and flower to maintain the secure fame of this summer residence of kings. The hillside of the Alhambra drops to the Darro (now drained by irrigation till it is little more than a thread of water), and is richly clothed in elms, poplars, and oranges all down its shelving breadth, while on the left the herbage runs riot under the fostering touch of the channel that skirts the very foot of the Alhambra wall. Here and there figs or larger trees have seized upon a patch of soil intervening between road and wall, and

spring up with the sure growth of things that can never know starvation. And such is the amazing productiveness of this country that I have seen a fair-sized fig-tree with fruit on it sprouting from the wall itself 30 feet up from the ground. Its seed had found a cranny big enough for a foothold, and its roots had either forged a passage through to the gardens behind the wall, or else must have been able to tap pockets of soil within the wall itself. There this gallant free-lance of the orchard rode at ease, flaunting its luscious fruit and succulent leaves like the tufts and tassels of a waving banner, hardily careless as to the future, seeing that the present held both nourishment for its own life and the ripening promise of a progeny to succeed it. At the foot of the wall below this tree rose creepers, shrubs, and herbage, splashed upon the red surface like the irregular flotsam of a sea of verdure on a rock of vermilion ; and above, over the coping of the rampart, the poplars and fruit-trees of an old garden pushed their vigorous growth into the liquid sunshine and up towards the sky. The air of

Granada is indeed of extraordinary fineness and delicacy. The smiling earth seems here to impregnate its encompassing atmosphere with something of its own fragrance and buoyancy; neither cloud nor mist blurs the sun-swept transparency that melts and falls like an ethereal veil from the kindred blue of the Andalucian sky, while a softness bred of fertility and stillness can be palpably inhaled, which is yet redeemed from languor or enervation by the useful contagion of the neighbouring snows. Little wonder that the Alhambra Hill is the frequent haunt of minor artists, for whom nature furnishes so many ready patterns, and of great painters who come here to throw aside 'the muddy vesture of decay which grossly closes in' their daily professional toil, and to feel in all its fullness that delight in the enjoyment of form dissolved into colour which is the right communicable rapture of their most fortunate hours.

All down the Cuesta del Rey Chico the traveller who in October enjoys what Sir Philip Sidney quaintly calls 'the delicacy of a

walk', has as an ever-present escort the strange phenomenon of those autumnal tints that are such a beauty of European foliage. We see them in our own country, not gregarious and universal, but only in isolated manifestations, while in Europe a whole hillside will be aflame with the splendid efflorescence of varied colours, which is Nature's compensation to these countries for winter's long melancholy of barren stems and skeleton frames in park or forest. In Granada this attraction takes on an added power from the exact definition of outline acquired by every individual leaf through the remarkable clearness of the air, which, whilst it makes distant objects seem near, separates those that are near to one another with the precision of things standing *in vacuo*, such as is familiar in stereoscopic views. It may well be a question whether there is any other spot of earth so filled with multifarious pleasure for the eye as this half-circuit of the Alhambra walls, ending at the ancient Puerta del Hierro, which gives access to the wonders of the palace within.

It was after I had come down, later on, from the Alhambra Hill that I saw a sight such as could hardly nowadays be seen in any part of Europe but in Spain, or even in Spain except in some far-off corner such as Granada. A long cortège was headed by some forty or fifty acolytes, preceded by the Cross and dressed in the scarlet frocks and lace albs of a cathedral choir. A few laymen, looking like the hired mourners of old-time funerals, followed them, and behind, borne on the shoulders of four men, whom I took to be lay-canons (being something between priest and parishioner), came an open bier, and on it, completely hidden by flowers, except for her face and the hands crossed over her breast, the dead body of a young nun. Her complexion had been of so deep and rich a brown that even the recession of the blood when the spring of its visitation was released had not wholly quenched the outward glow and colour of life, though the settled content and dignity of the clear-cut features were such as only Death, when it brings absolution to the face from the human

passions and anxieties which in life make war upon its divinity, is wont to impart by its one sovereign touch of consecration. The surprise and disconcerting radiance of this singular spectacle brought at once to the mind that great line of sudden pathos which flames out of one of Webster's darkest pages :

Cover her face ; mine eyes dazzle : she died young,

but who she was or how she came to die, or what honoured house of Spain or of Italy had stamped upon her unmated beauty its fineness and its distinction : of this the young advocate who was my companion knew nothing. And whatever tragedy may there have been carried to oblivion, greater and other than the common tragedy of a light of human felicity wasted in life and too soon extinguished, there seemed little notice taken or even curiosity shown by the townsfolk. The twin lines of scarlet-clad acolytes moved on with the half-careless gait of boys in a perfunctory march ; the mourners and the bevy of priests behind the dead advanced more steadily, but with a like indifference, and at

a dip in the road the bier itself sank slowly from sight with its strange freight of a dual loveliness, culled from many gardens and one home. And thus disappearing, it attracted little more attention in the busy street than the passengers of a great liner give to the vanishing glances of some vagrant sail which is seen hulling down on the horizon, and no one knows, amongst few who care to know, its name, or its story, or the port of its endeavour.

GRANADA: EL PALACIO ÁRABE

I

WHEN Filicaia in the seventeenth century lamented the unhappy gift of beauty (*dono infelice di bellezza*) which brought so many violators upon Italy, and when he wished that she was 'less lovely or at least more strong' (*Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte!*), the fate of the Moors in Granada had already shown that strength can sometimes be an added lure to that of beauty in bringing war and rapine on its possessor. For though the massive military strength of this capital maintained a sufficient ward for many centuries against the martial wooing of the Spanish kings, yet it provoked such hot rivalries between different dynasties of Moors, and even between different families of the same dynasty, that the Darro and the Genil flowed with blood as often as the Po and the Arno. The very downfall of Granada was the bitter fruit of one of these family

feuds, in which the boy-king Boabdil, after playing false in turn to his Moorish rivals and his Spanish conqueror, finally gave up the cause of his race, and rode off into the cutting winds of the Sierra Nevada, companioned by the not less keen and bitter reproaches of his fierce old mother. An early Moorish conqueror said that Spain was a shield of which Granada was the armhole; you had only to keep the straps tight and you could never lose Spain. It was this strength and the rich productivity of its Vega that made Granada a double prize for any aspiring Moor, while a mutual propensity for rescuing one another from eternal perdition added the fierce condiment of theological hate to the hunger felt for Granada by both Moor and Christian.

The crown of all this effort and aspiration was always, of course, the Alhambra, of which we naturally think as a single palace, but which was in fact almost a city in itself in its days of vitality, and was at one time actually called 'Alhambra Medina'—Alhambra the City. A narrow plateau, less

than half a mile in length, and at its broadest only some two hundred yards wide, pushes out from the Silla del Moro like a lofty peninsula into the lower-lying sea of beauty made by the city proper and the Vega around it. Under the dominion of the Moors every part of this was instinct with human life; as every part of it is now, for all its many-sided beauty, haunted by the melancholy of remembered greatness. 'Unfortunate', said Charles V, 'is he who lost all this.' Yet it is to this great Christian emperor that we owe the beginning of the disruption and decay of the great Palacio Árabe which stood in the centre of the plateau. He laid low arches, porticoes, and halls over almost half the area in order to build a palace of his own, which was never finished, and which in its glaring incongruity with what it left standing seems to bespeak an architectural spirit which had no respect for character in others, because it had no character to respect in itself. The disasters thus begun ran on through the whole gamut of neglect till the soldiers of Napoleon three centuries later

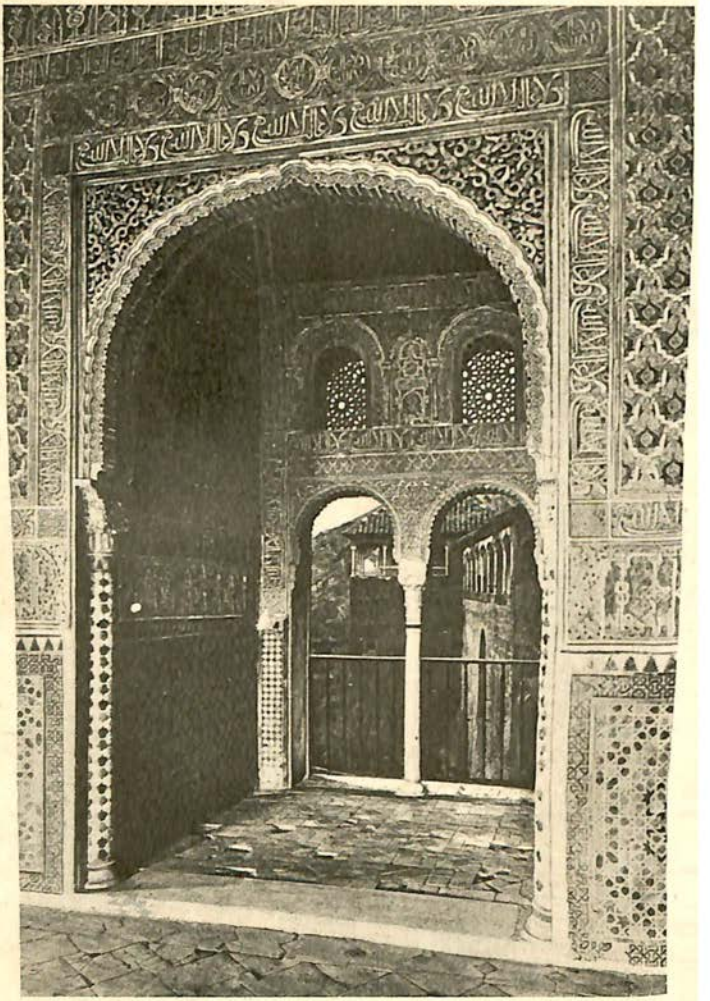
blew up some of the towers, and would have destroyed the whole fabric before they evacuated Granada, had not a Spanish officer secretly cut the fuse. Even in the last century the Alhambra was so little cared for that the Governor himself took one of its few but splendid doors and cut it down for a small domestic door, burning what he did not want for this purpose.

In its complete state, the Alhambra comprised not only the Palacio Árabe, but the soldiers' quarter east of it and Alcazaba, or the Citadel, on the west running out to the extreme promontory on which still stands the Watch-tower or Torre de la Vela. The whole was surrounded by massive walls of red stone which ran in a circuit unbroken except by a score of towers, and which to-day, as they flame up in silent magnificence out of the glorious verdure of the hill, are in themselves a fitting girdle for the beauty they enclose. The stone is said to be a mixture of clay and oxide of iron, and thus possesses the double virtue of durability and fitness for exact cutting, so that

corrosion has done little to mar the look of a solidity comparable to that of the Inca temples, put together without mortar, but with stones cut so true that they stood to Pizarro's day and later, plumb and solid as in the year they were built. And yet such is the tempered brilliance and happy fusion of their reddish tints, that in the landscape they suggest a peaceful softness quite as much as military strength. Their towers are plain squares untouched by any ornament but that of their natural colour and an occasional window, close to the summit, though in one or two instances there is a narrow balcony, as in the charming toilet-chamber or view-chamber of the queen —the Tocador or Mirador de la Reina— looking down a sheer fall to the Darro and across it to the Sacro Monte and the Albaicín. A comparatively modern gallery skirts the cliff and connects this balcony with the Hall of the Ambassadors; and flanked as the gallery is by a sequence of exquisite arches, which repeat the ancient design of those around the balcony, it constitutes the only

THE ALHAMBRA

Mirador de la Reina



THE ALHAMBRA

Recess in Sala de los Embajadores (Hall of the Ambassadors), showing gallery leading to the Mirador de la Reina

touch of elegance to be observed in the whole circuit of a circumvallation planned for stark utility and frowning power, and not for ornament. Here as everywhere in sight of the ancient hill-towns and fortresses of Europe, it seems incredible that in the days before artillery, any number or any courage could have succeeded without treachery from within in storming or scaling such impregnable heights. Yet here, as in other fortresses, this incredible thing was somehow done, though only once.

To-day the visitor, without password as without fee, may enter through the Alhambra walls by many gates, and stroll at will through the magical remains of the most famous of Moorish buildings in Europe; and perhaps in no other single spot will he find so much that will enchant the eye, joined to so much of legend and romance. Thus in the Torre de la Vela (the flat roof of which gives almost a full circle of outlook over city, plain, villages, and mountains) there hangs a great bell, one of the uses of which is that on the anniversary of the taking of Granada,

Andalucian girls, who wish to get husbands, are permitted to strike the bell with all their strength—a call which may be heard many miles away, but which only age-long superstition could credit with a higher power of persuasion than the natural human accents of the Andalucian tongue. For no dialect could well be softer than that of the south of Spain. The habit of clipping off syllables or leaving out consonantal letters in any part of the word (as e.g. *to'o Grana'* for *todo Granada*, or *uté* for *usted*, or *etrá* for *detras*) is a recognized part of the *Costum' Andalu'* (itself short for *Costumbres Andaluces*, or 'Andalucian ways'), and gives a volubility and rippling effect which take nothing from either the music or the energy, however much they may impair the dignity, of the correct Castilian. But above all, in its honeyed influence on the Spanish speech, is the *ceceo Andaluz*, the habit of softening the letter *ce*, pronounced in Castilian *the*, back to its unaspirated sound of *s*. This *ceceo* runs like the vibration of a silver chord throughout Andalucian pronunciation, and is heard even in sounds

already so liquid as the double *ll* (pronounced ordinarily in Spain as it is in France). Thus a young *ganadero* or gentleman-farmer, repeating the well-known local *refrán* or 'blazon' about Seville:

> Sevilla, Sevilla,
> Quien no ha visto á te
> No ha visto maravilla,

pronounced the leading words as if they were *Sevissia* and *maravissia*. So, too, the letter *j*, which has been hardened in the mountaineer crispness and strength of Central Spain to such a degree that it is often as guttural as the Highlander's *ch*, is mollified in the balmier air of Andalucia into the half-liquid *y* or the silent *h*. Lastly, no dialect is richer in the use of diminutives, these being often raised to a double essence of endearment, diminutive being added to diminutive by this demonstrative people. Men's names as well as women's and children's receive this treatment, and it appears to be a permissible thing to add the *ito* diminutive to any name or to any word of affection. Not only is 'wifekin' *mujersita*, but a husband may be

mariito (the *d* of *maridito* being effaced); and either may call the other *mi vidita* ('my little life').

Failing, however, the temperament or the opportunity to bring the alluring tones of Andalucia to bear with success, the girls of Granada may by ringing this bell in the Torre de la Vela have the chance to avoid missing a desired marriage. A girl who has not married is said in Andalucia to be *una vaca sin cencerro*—'a heifer without a bell,' but by a quaint coincidence, such a one may at least on one day of the year employ an ephemeral substitute for the permanent domestic call by which her mate may know where to find her. There is a kindlier spirit in another proverbial expression which describes a girl who is slow to marry as destined 'to be an aunt or dress images' (*quedarse para tia ó para vestir imágenes*). For the decoration of religious images is a vigorous cult of the women in Spain, both in the churches and in their private homes. Yet the sly humour of Sancho Panza's successors levels its shafts against this devotion, even when trying to

make profit out of it, and a favourite couplet of the image-seller as he hawks his wares is:

> Santurilitos bonitos, baratos,
> Ni comen ni beben, ni gastan zapatos.
>
> My little saintikins, pretty and cheap,
> Cost nothing for shoes, or for drink, or for keep.

Between the Torre de la Vela and the Alhambra proper is the wide stretch known as Alcazaba, once the citadel and place of arms. The Alhambra, seen in approaching it, gives no hint of the beauty within. The Moor's castle was his home, and it is perhaps for this reason that the Alcázar or palace never aims at capturing the eye from without by the use of lofty towers, storied heights, rich façades, and all the outward stateliness of royal residences in Europe. The king's house of the Moor was like the king's daughter in the Psalms, all glorious within, but there was no clothing of wrought gold to anticipate this inward glory by an external display of splendour.

Nor is the group of buildings known as the Palacio Árabe arranged in one design

or under one roof; it is a series of courts, galleries, halls, and living-chambers, built for the use of the sultans by a process of accretion, as occasion served. It is therefore more like a rambling garden and pleasaunce of architecture than a formal plantation true to a fore-ordained plan of utility and symmetry; and though a pervading character, always true to an inward unity, harmonizes its many components, its real fascination can best be felt by a frank abandonment of any attempt to enjoy it as an organic whole, in favour of something like the unreflecting relish for each individual feature which was the motive of its various creations and constituted, we may be sure, its daily charm with its builders and possessors.

The first thing to strike the observer in this or any Moorish palace (as e. g. the Alcázar at Seville) is the spacious liberty of movement and of vision which results from an almost complete absence of doors. The wall which encircles the whole area, with its watch-towers on every side, and the near quarters of the royal soldiery, gave security enough

against actual danger; while privacy was obtained by the posting of guards at the single entrance which gives access to the living-apartments. The harem, of course, was in relation to the other buildings a kind of prison suite—possibly even before Loti's 'désenchantées' a melancholy prison—and only a lattice-work or *reja*, like the grille in the House of Commons, gave a stinted enjoyment of the games and sports in the courts below. Even the nuptial chamber of the sultan had only the seclusion obtained by setting it off from a chamber which gave directly on to a court, and the baths in like fashion were placed at the foot of a winding staircase, but otherwise unprotected against intrusion.

The Moors thus carried into their settled life the open-air freedom of their camp, and there are even connoisseurs who maintain that the architectural forms of the Alhambra are developments of the tent, the slender columns representing the tent-poles, and the decorated walls the dyed hangings of the interiors. It must be admitted that this

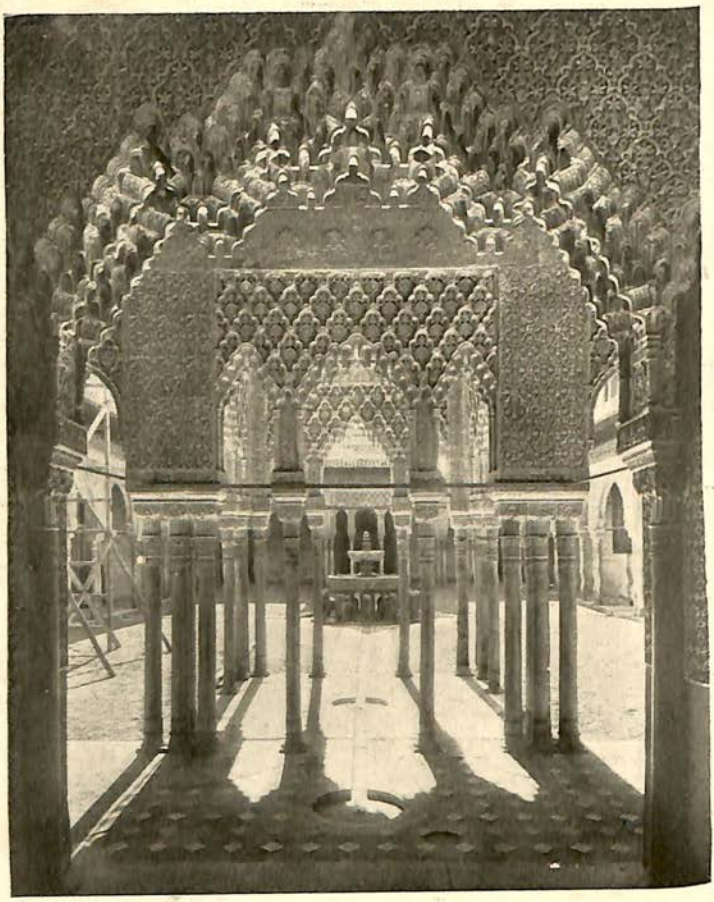
wigwam or gunyah theory leaves much, if not all, to be explained—perhaps its only basis in fact is that when the Moors came to build palaces and learnt the beauty of the arch and the pleasantness of the corridor and the portico or pavilion, their experience of the strength of well-pitched tents in resisting weather taught them that the massive structures of the Greek and Roman arch were needless for buildings of at most two stories, not designed to carry great superstructures of dome or tower. The result in the Alhambra has been that the characteristic of its structural outlines is everywhere that of vitality expressed in lightness, airiness, and grace, rather than in the domination of the mind produced by mass, while the unappeasable instinct of mankind for lavishing wealth and labour upon buildings intended to serve as the homes of its kings or the shrines of its adoration was driven to find its expression in the intricate elaboration of coloured ornament with which every inch of space in the floors, the dadoes, the walls, the cornices, and the roof, was covered. Thus, for

THE ALHAMBRA

Patio de los Leones (Court of the Lions)

example, the famous Court of the Lions, an open court with a fountain in the centre, has running round it a corridor or arcade, the supports of which are a series of stilted arches. The line of the arcade is broken at the centre of the east and west sides by two small pavilions, the long slender pillars of which, grouped at the corners but single on the sides, are surmounted by arches almost of the Gothic angularity. It is an astonishing example of the fusing power of character and spirit in an architectural design that perfect symmetry has been obtained in this exquisite arcade, although the arches are not uniform in shape and are supported sometimes by single, and sometimes by double pillars, continued to the frieze above the arches by single or double pilasters. Even the capitals of the columns vary in ornamentation, for the Moorish mind seems always to have aimed at multiplying types rather than at multiplying numbers of the same type. So too with the decorations of every surface, the walls, the capitals, the pilasters, and the spandrels. These decorations vary infinitely in the

pattern or in the inscriptions used, and in spite of the mind-inwoven labyrinths of beauty which they reveal on close scrutiny, they blossom on the sunny façade of the gallery with the apparent artlessness of a flush of meadow-daisies or poppies in a field, rather than the studied artifice of flowers in a parterre. The Koran inhibited, or at least discountenanced, the reproduction of animal life in ornament—the lions of the fountain are a rare exception to the observance of the precept—and thus driven out of one paradise of the designer, Arabian builders had to listen patiently elsewhere to catch permitted promptings of loveliness in nature, or to surprise deeper-hidden secrets of the beauty-creating powers in the mind of man. Here in Granada they seem to have caught, by some lucky miracle of infection from the favoured world around them, the fairy secret of the power of circumambient atmosphere to melt and harmonize all forms of growth, whatever their diversity, into one common utterance of delight; and just as in nature no juxtaposition of colours can ever



THE ALHAMBRA

Patio de los Leones, showing Stalactite roof in one Portico

Anderson Photo]

produce discordance, and the same flowers will neighbour one another happily in a garden which in a bouquet produce warring contrasts; so in these architectural wonders of the Moors, different archetypes, changing patterns, and designs profusely varied, are all transmuted by the effective alchemy of the solvent air in which they stand into a consistent and fortunate whole of grace and lightness.

Four halls open on to the sides of the Court of Lions just as the living-chambers in a Roman house opened on to the atrium; and in the relation of the portals leading from the Court to the windows opening on to the outside air, the Moors, again from an appreciation of the value of atmospheric effects in architecture, arrived at achievements in providing glimpses of sky framed in the tracery of unglazed windows which are comparable to the delightful vistas obtained by landscape-gardeners in England, who love to lead the eye along a shadowed vault of forest-trees to some curtained outline in the distance of clear sky and inrushing sunlight.

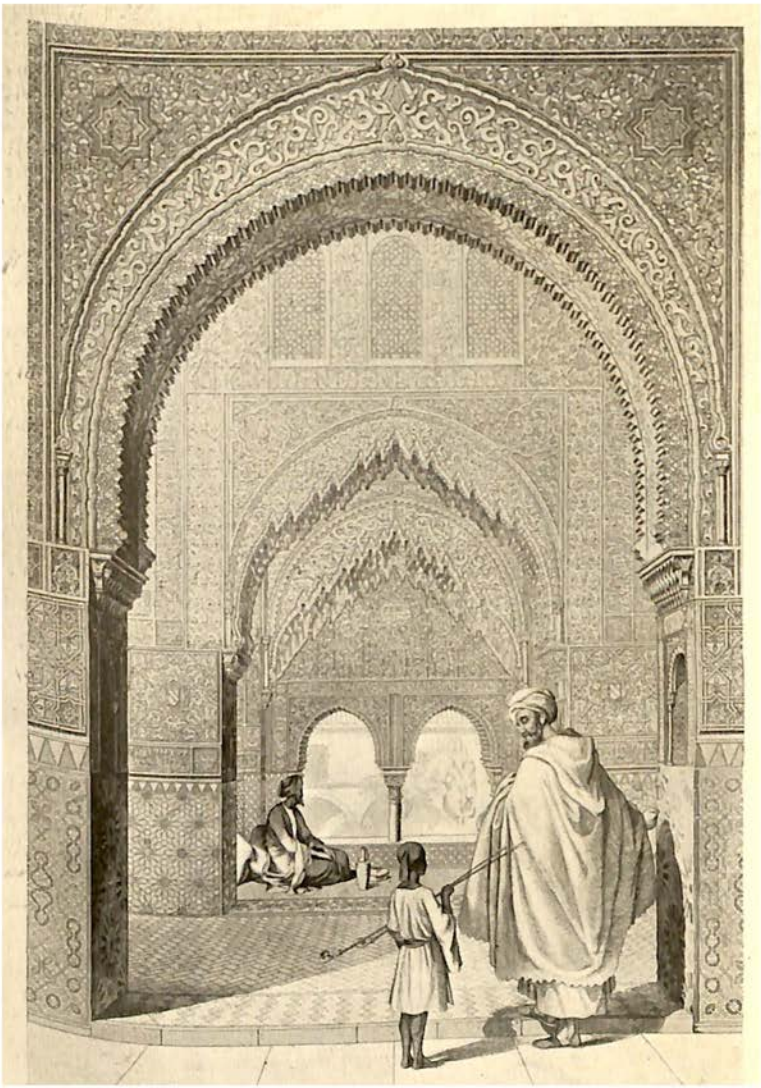
A noble example of this artifice is to be seen in the Sala de las Dos Hermanas (the 'two Sisters' being not some beauties of a romantic story, but simply twin slabs of marble in the floor). Looking at this hall from the Patio de los Leones, the visitor sees first, across the arcade or covered promenade, a broad arch through which the hall is entered. Directly opposite this is another great vaulted archway leading to the Hall of the Ajimeces—an *ajimez* being a twin-window formed by two arches and a connecting column. The *ajimeces* are in alignment with the two arches already mentioned and are unglazed. Through them the eye is finally released to enjoy to the full the feast of air and sunshine and the blue sky which vaults over the garden of Lindaraja. A neighbouring inscription says of this *ajimez*, with not ungraceful hyperbole, 'I overlook, with astonishment, a garden the like of which no human eyes ever saw.' At every stage of this pilgrimage of vision the sky is seen shaped into the fretted outline of the interior of the arch, and this outline is so delicate and lace-like and the blue of

THE ALHAMBRA

Sala de las Dos Hermanas

(Hall of the Two Sisters)

From Owen Jones's 'Plans, &c., of the Alhambra'



the sky so deep, seen thus at the end of the roofed-in vista, that the imagination might almost toy with the notion that it is the sky which is firm and solid, and that it is embroidered by feathery wreaths as if of mist.

GRANADA: EL PALACIO ÁRABE

II

BUT the third and crowning glory of the Alhambra, to challenge which perhaps no rival has ever entered or will enter the lists of controversy, is the arabesque decoration which sets floors and dadoes aflame with colour, and covers walls and roofs with an unbroken brocade of fine pencilling and intricate design. In making and applying patterns the Moor was no confectioner cutting out shapes with a mould; he was a thinker and indeed a mathematician. The use of flower and leaf is comparatively rare; that of fruit almost entirely absent, except that the pomegranate figures often as a central or terminal point in the pattern. Neither flower, leaf, nor fruit is ever reproduced in the natural; it is, as Owen Jones (the teacher of all students of the Alhambra) says, 'translated through the loom.' The pomegranate, for example, is much more like the pine-cone than the real 'granada', and its

leaves are often thickened and broadened till they suggest the solid and fleshy texture and the primitive shapes of seaweed, and yet neither in this nor in their approximation to the mathematical curves are they ever allowed to become a settled conventional form, as is, for example, the acanthus in a Corinthian capital. The Moor searched indefatigably in the recesses of a tenacious mind, brooding with oriental patience over the matter of its thought for variety; and he may have instinctively rejected the exact mimicry of Nature and the consequential fixity of types, knowing that in halls destined for repose or meditation the mind would easily be jaded by the incessant iteration of the same image, just as a sick person finds insufferable the monotonous repetition of roses or vine-leaves in the mechanically-multiplied figuring of wall-paper. The adoption of a conventional outline for a sheaf of leaves or a flower or a fruit would have closed the door on variety, while their free treatment in a scheme of decoration by lines and curves left the Moorish artist at ease so to compound his designs as to

produce an infinite variety which 'age cannot wither nor custom stale'.

Except, however, for the rare inclusion of tribute drawn from the garden or the forest, the pattern-makers who decorated the Alhambra surfaces built up their schemes by the use of straight or curved lines which they made to stream or radiate from the central spring of the design, and then to cross one another, or to return on their direction as desired, and finally to lead to the next area to be covered. In the collocations of lines, the artist, with but few exceptions, combined, facet against facet, the three dominating figures of the equilateral triangle, the rectangle, and the isosceles triangle, and then covered the several parts of his combination with colour in such a way as to produce effects of interlacing, not of mere juxtaposition. Suppose, e.g., that the designer is using lines in three colours, green, blue, and yellow (gold). If a green line is to go through the two sides of the yellow isosceles, he would make it pass under the first side but over the second. As a result the pattern seems woven on a loom out of

coloured plaits or ribbons and stands out from the wall as if the decoration were in two planes. At other times a dark streak on one edge of a leaf with a white streak on the other will bring up the object as if in alto-relievo; or a slight break of continuity—by the use of white—in the coloured lines will make the whole design simulate mosaic instead of painted work. But the fund of artifice and invention in producing multiform schemes out of the three simple geometrical figures mentioned was inexhaustible, and was drawn on always with a due regard for the part of the building to be decorated. Thus mosaics in the floors are simpler and bolder than dadoes or the lining of pilasters, while in such work as cornices or the upper spaces of the spandrels, complexity of design gives a note of honour, and here curvilinear tracery is set running in an ordered riot of richness which treads its sober Bacchante measure onwards and upwards to the superb climaxes of the roof. In the choice of colours too, observance of degree is lifted into the severity of a canon; and while the secondary colours were admitted to the

dadoes, where repose for the eye was desired, the primary colours alone are seen in the roofs and the intervening high areas where brightness and boldness can rain down their influence without producing fatigue.

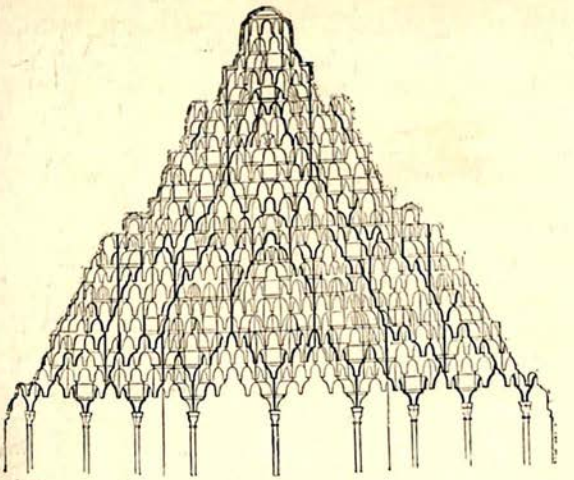
The roofs of the Alhambra constitute almost a science in themselves, and have produced an equal wonder in the architect, the engineer, and the decorator. Here, at least, the wigwam hypothesis is certainly at fault, for the half-orange, the dome, the wagon-head and the stalactite shape of the ceiling occur without at any point an approach to the conical vault which alone could simulate the tent-roof. Of these the stalactite model is the most wonderful and most original, and it is perhaps not to be seen elsewhere in Europe, except in the borrowed motives of the frieze in the Alcázar at Seville. The name is only a poor approximation suggested by the hanging pieces of painted stucco which indent the plane of the vault with clusters of climbing cusps, all absolutely regular and all constructed on the same mathematical forms (though now with curves worked into them), which form the

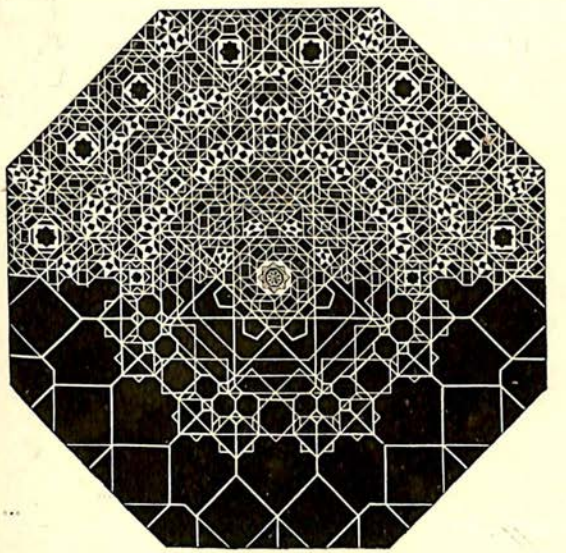
THE ALHAMBRA

(*a*) Design of a Stalactite Ceiling

(*b*) Mosaic, showing the geometrical composition of pattern

From Owen Jones's 'Plans, &c., of the Alhambra'





basis already mentioned of the rectilinear figuring. And here the art of first capturing the mind by the general effect of the mass and then retaining its attention and its wonder by the attraction of detail is seen in its highest manifestation. In the Sala de los Abencerrages, for example, the first impression of the great single vault of pendant fringes clustered in a concave effulgence of gold and blue and red gives place by degrees to the discovery of separate vaults recessed within the main vault, and, within these separate vaults again scores of individual arcs and facets so variously coloured and presented at so many angles as to offer a seeming infinity of patterns.

The spirit which pervades the architecture of the Alhambra makes itself readily felt; it is a spirit of intellectual power and pride, delighting in the beauty it is able to create. Here there is no worship of silence and withdrawal from the world, no sense of submission or sacrifice, no contemplative adoration of mystery, no attempt to reach spiritual exaltation through the subjugation of self as these

qualities are evidenced in the work of northern builders. Under the open sky, in broad and spacious courts and halls, the designer with his skill and dexterity, and the colourist with his splendid audacity, strode forth with the mien and temper of champions in a tournament, confident that their science and their steady hand and eye would win them public triumphs. That they worked in such a vein (an inheritance of the conquering temper of Mohammed and his preaching) is shown by the inscriptions they incorporated into all their decorations. These inscriptions, which, whether in the African or the Cufic script, flow in ordered grace round corbels or friezes, or else are set in the central point of designs like the seed in the middle of its fruit, are all of them expressive of an almost arrogant temper of success and glory. The famous legend 'Wa ghalib alli Allah' (There is no conqueror but God) bespeaks everywhere the notion of even religion itself consecrated to the uses of conquest, while the mundane texts and mottoes of which the ornaments are full, praise either the Sultan of the day or the decoration

itself in an inflated diction verging on what is known to doctors as 'exaltation'. Thus over one dado is written, 'I am the garden, and every morning do I appear decked out in beauty. Look attentively at my elegance: thou wilt reap the benefit of a *commentary on decoration.*' Again,

'That is the elevated dome and we (the several recesses) are her daughters; yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race.'

'Here is the wonderful cupola, at sight of whose beautiful proportions, all other cupolas vanish and disappear.'

'I was built by Imaum Ibn Nasr, the founder of the Nasrite dynasty. May God uphold his Majesty as an honour to other Kings and perpetuate his high station of glorious rank as long as, like the sun or the moon, he continues to rise in the high regions of the sky.'

Sometimes a devouter chord is struck, as in the fine invocation, recalling the sustained measure of the Litany, over a niche in the doorway to the Hall of the Ambassadors:

'By the sun and its rising brightness; by the moon when she followeth him; by the day when he showeth his splendour; by the night when it covereth him with its darkness; by the Heaven and Him who built it; by the earth and Him who spread it forth;

by the soul and Him who completely formed it and inspired into it wickedness and piety, there is no Deity but Allah.'

Another frequent and modest text is: 'God is our refuge in every trouble'; and the word 'Barkah'—blessing—which gives its name to the Sala de la Barca, provides a favourite flourish; but as a rule even the Moors' tribute of devotion to the Deity has all that vaunting consciousness of exclusive racial possession that has disfigured the national religion of most countries, that made even so pious a man as Warburton say that 'God must be praised because his character is conformable to the British Constitution', and that has not been wholly purged from the earth in our own day. Nor is the shining apparatus of oriental imagery lacking. Around the Fountain of Lions run inscriptions which seek to vie with the lavish outpourings of the crystal spring itself or those of the never far-distant nightingale; pearls, silver, crystal, the lovers' tears—all are flung out as symbols of the passion and pride which centred in the adored objective of the poet's rhapsody.

It seems strange to the European mind to find such brag and vanity associated with meditation so deep and assiduity so patient in the work that it thus extolled, but it is to be noted that the name of the architect or artist is never perpetuated; it is always the work that is praised, not the workman; and few would upbraid the writer, amongst many who might smile at his naïve ostentation, of this inscription in the Sala de las Dos Hermanas:

'Apartments are these unfolding so many wonders that the eyes of the spectator remain for ever fixed on them; *provided he be gifted with a mind.*'

After all, the creative artists who thus looked upon their work and saw that it was good and said so, did but evince that consciousness of immortality for their creations which has been noted as a possession of all great poets and which in Renascence times, as Sidney Lee has shown, gave rise to the common theme that the verses in which a lover uttered his own adoration bestowed an apotheosis both on the worshipper and the worshipped, and lighted an undying lamp of

memory before the shrine of his idolatry. No one has given more frequent or more noble expression to this sublimated egoism than our own Shakespeare in some of his Sonnets, notably in that which ends with the prediction so gloriously worded as to be its own fulfilment.

> But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
> Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
> Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
> When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
> So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
> So long this lives, and this gives life to thee.

'A fairy tale, a fairy tale' ('Ein Märchen, ein Märchen'), was the comment of a visiting German on the Alhambra, and this it is exactly which sums up the charm, the preternatural grace, the lightness and free poise, the romance and dancing vitality of these sunlit courts, these cool secreted chambers, these jewelled halls, these alcoves, divans, and far-glancing tower windows. But it is a magical creation, not of some Genie of the Ring or the Lamp, invoking, in a careless moment of thaumaturgic power, a wealth

THE ALHAMBRA

Courtyard of the Mosque (in 1842)

From Owen Jones's 'Plans, &c., of the Alhambra'

and luxury to beggar earthly conceptions, but of serious and thoughtful men, alive to the truth that 'Beauty draws us with a single hair', but conscious also that many men and many generations must meditate and labour faithfully before the brilliant ambitions of the mind can take sure shape and enduring expression in architecture. The arabesque is, on first impression or in the imitations made of it nowadays by machine processes, the most facile and most ungoverned of all styles of ornamentation; in its originals and in its home, it is the most intellectual, and, in a good sense, laborious. It was thought of one Sultan of Granada that his profuse use of gold in a new building was due to his power of transmuting the baser metals, but he and all his race knew well that there is no alchemy but labour, and they fully illustrated, in the centuries during which the Alhambra rose and grew, the favourite moral of so many of their fables, such as that of the treasure buried in the fields, or of the healing drug secreted in the wooden handles of the tool and only brought into beneficent

operation by the sweat of the man who used it. And it was this governing precept of unremitting toil which led a nation, whose practice was voluptuous and whose promised paradise was abandon, to exhibit in their plastic art, with all its wealth, its pride, and its revelry in colour and line, a sobriety and restraint which redeem it from mere sensuous caprice or cloying facility. Their art is sunny but never vicious, and it is a singular circumstance, that voluptuaries though they were, they nowhere let go the dignity of manhood or betook themselves to that open worship of the physical senses which has pervaded much of the painting—even in religious art—of Europe, and which touched some of the greatest of men with what Ruskin denounced as the 'dark carnality' of Michael Angelo. The cooling waters of ablution, carried in the Alhambra into every living-chamber and fed perennially by near and inexhaustible snows, seem to have their counterpart of sweetness and limpidity in the temperance and the decency of every foot of decoration in the palace.

In one attempt only have the Moors failed, and that is in the painted ceiling of the Sala del Tribunal, where the twelve sworded and bearded figures represent the Sultans, or perhaps the judges, of Granada. Unfamiliar with figure-painting, the artists have here produced work of a stiff and primitive order in which the 'archaic smile' of Egyptian and early Greek sculpture is furnished with a counterpart in an archaic frown on all the faces, and in which the ungainly hands are stuck out like railway signals, so that they recall the specimens of Ethiopian art in the British Museum. So too, the lions of the Patio de los Leones have certainly not received their title on the principle Mark Twain ascribed to Adam's naming of the creatures—'I called them lions because they looked like lions.' Before these crude representations, and remembering that when Granada fell the Van Eycks had been dead for fifty years and Giotto for yet another century, Botticelli and Gian Bellini, Leonardo da Vinci and Victor Carpaccio were flourishing, while Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto were close at hand, the mind of

the Westerner is seized with a nostalgia for its own domicile of origin, and he feels that he would not exchange the Magdalene of Fra Bartolommeo, or a glance from the eye, big with fate and with dismay piteously overwhelming triumph, of Botticelli's Judith, for all the contents of the Alhambra, if their gift was coupled with the condition that here the art of man was to halt. In these things it is with every traveller as it is in respect of the people and the manners of the countries through which he has moved. He has found among strangers how warm and kindly is the general heart of man; he has taken out, as it were, letters of naturalization wherever he has been, and has admired the talent, applauded the art, or gloried in the greatness of other nations; but sooner or later he turns again to faces and scenes that are familiar, to speech and ways that are his, and to that spot of earth where life, emptied of glamour, but made bracing by reality, nourishes him with the unsating daily food of work and ingrained friendships in a country of his own.

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on 15 October, 2018